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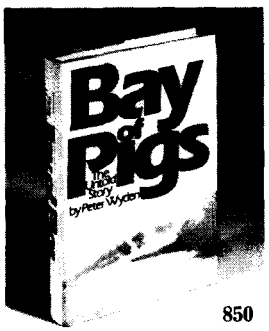


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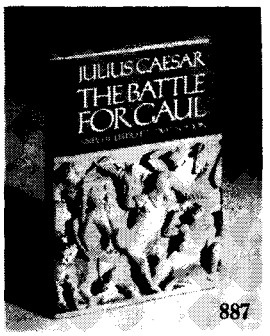


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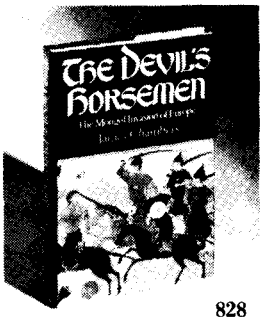


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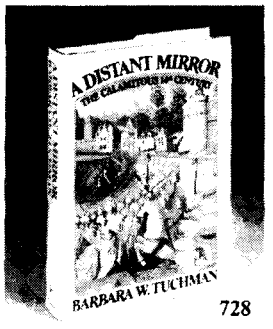


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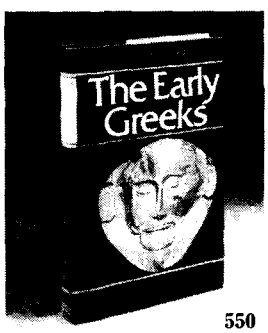


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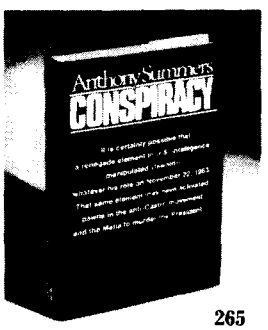


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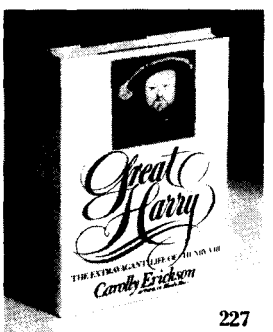


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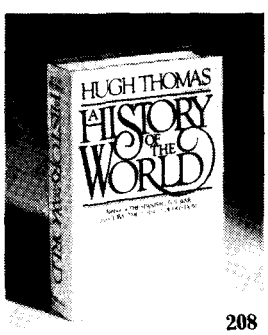


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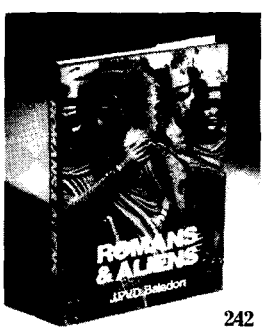


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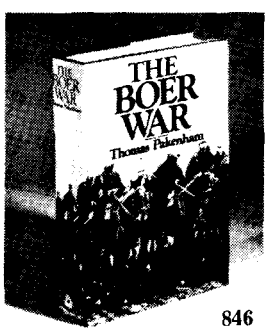


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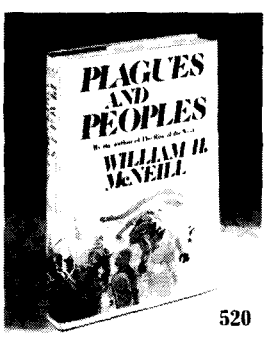


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OCTOBER 3, 1980
VOL. XXXII, NO. 20
ISSN: 0028-0038

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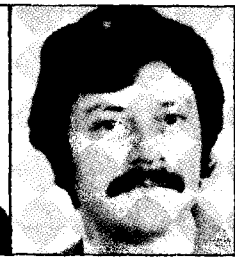
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## The Academy


**1188 The Mission of a University**
Herbert Spencer put it well: we must face up to the "enormous importance of determining in some rational way what things are really most worth learning." Dartmouth has answered in many ways since 1770, but its recent quest for relevance has wound up with a hollow curriculum. It should take a leaf from the Columbia Humanities program of the Van Doren-Trilling era, and start cloning Western civilization. *Jeffrey Hart*

**1192 Getting God Out of Princeton**
The President took vandalism of the chapel in stride—but blew his cork when the Gay Alliance offices were smashed up. His values are clearly at odds with the university's traditions, and when the time came to appoint a new chaplain, something had to give. *Philip F. Lawler*

**1193 Student (Anonymous) Power**
California's state system of higher learning has made an institution of something every sensible reporter or cop is wary of: the anonymous source. Students can namelessly ruin teachers they don't like; they're also ruining their schools. *Ivan Goldman*

**1197 Comstock Lives**
Boston and Harvard have done an unintentional favor to a pair of porn movies, without advancing the cause of chastity one whit. *David Brudnoy*


## Articles & Columns


**1186 English, Sí, Bilingualism, No**
New Department of Education rules will strengthen teachers' unions and the Hispanic-American lobby. But will they help foreign-born students? *Neal B. Freeman*

**1187 Voting with Their Feet**
A rundown of those who have run from people's democratic socialist republics. *Brian Crozier*

**1200 Poland's Smoking Gun**
"How many divisions does the Pope have?" asked Stalin. Today Brezhnev may be asking himself a similar question about trade unions—and the answer is that the Pope has more real ones than he has. *Leopold Labedz*

**1203 The Politics of Merit Selection**
Jimmy Carter's legislative successes have been modestissimo. But his impact on the judicial branch will be lasting—and dreadful. *Alfred S. Regnery*


## Books Arts & Manners


**1207** Shylock wasn't such a bad sort, but Hamlet's father was—so said Harold Clarke Goddard, in a long disreputable but furtively popular tome called *The Meaning of Shakespeare*. Thirty years after its publication and 17 years after throwing it against his own wall, **Joseph Sobran** says it's time to give the book its due as a classic of commentary. . . . **Alan Reynolds** gently chides a young economic journallist. . . . Hugh Thomas has written *A History of the World*—the whole shebang—and **John Chettle** finds it "stunning." . . . **Francis B. Randall** assays Yevgeny Yevtushenko's epic of Ivan the Terrible. . . . **D. Keith Mano** makes his first obscene phone call.



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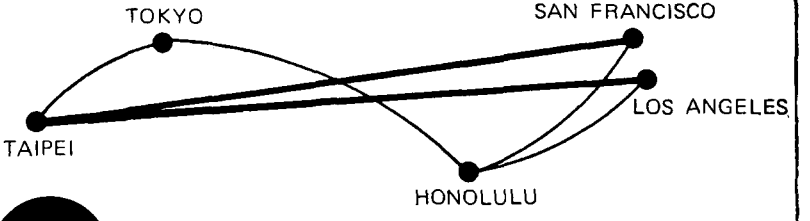


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# Letters

## The Hangman's Rope

I have still not forgotten a fair that was held in Leningrad several years ago. Companies from all over the world had gathered to display police surveillance equipment for the perusal of the Soviets. American firms reportedly made a *killing*.

Now, in your September 19 issue, R. Sean Randolph ["Trading with the Enemy: A Happy Way to Die?"] documents the even more frightening forms of enterprise our companies and our government are involved in with the Soviet Union. The more technology we exchange, the more we hasten the exchange of bullets and bombs.

*Jenny D'Amanzio*
*Toms River, N.J.*

## Let There Be

Michael Novak's thoughts on "God is Love?" in the August 8 issue, conclude with the most amazing statement I have ever read: "As I said, this business about love is very dark. And so is God."

Since he writes on religious/spiritual themes, someone should point him to the first letter of the Apostle John, who wrote in I John 1:5, *God is Light. In Him is no darkness at all.*

*E. D. Cross*
*West Bridgewater, Mass.*

## Getting Straight on Drugs

A small correction to Mr. Karatnycky's review of Nekipelov's *Institute of Fools* [July 11] may be in order. Thorazine, identified with "aminazin," a Soviet tranquilizer with hideous side effects, is not a tranquilizer and has entirely different (and somewhat less offensive) side effects. Its generic name is not aminazin, but rather chlorpromazine hydrochloride; its chief use is in the treatment of psychoses. The main side effects, according to the 1980 *AMA Drug Evaluations*, include dizziness, hypotension, ophthalmic changes, and neurological problems. However, it is an effective and relatively safe drug, one of many which have greatly improved the quality of care received by psychiatric patients in the U.S. Nekipelov's book points out that Soviet psychiatry (and psychopharmacology) have a lot to improve.

*Suzi Reynolds*
*Baylor College of Medicine*
*Houston, Tex.*

## Precedents

I agree heartily with your editorial observation ["Quebec, U.S.A.?" Aug. 22] that the introduction of bilingualism in the public schools would touch off a move on the part of every other ethnic group in the country for "equal treatment."

Those magnificient Polish immigrant who came to this country around the turn of the century and for a decade or so thereafter, had the obvious answer.

They established an immense network of schools and churches and staffed them with bilingual Polish-speaking nuns. At least in Holy Family School in Pittsburgh we were compelled to learn the Polish language as well as the history of the land of our ancestors, without forgetting that English was the authoritative language. Alas, those schools have disappeared with the decline in immigration.

Why can't the Hispanics set up their own schools to teach their people English as the Poles, the Germans, etc. did?

*Theodore L. Humes*
*Phoenix, Ariz.*

## Returning Fire

D. Keith Mano's column, "Target Shooting" [Aug. 22] leads me to suspect that he is attempting to follow in the footsteps of Garry Wills.

Regarding the Second Amendment, "A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed," Mr. Mano writes that the words "keep and bear" depend on the word "militia." Here he misleads by omission; he fails to point out that the militia *is* the people. The dictionary defines militia as "militarily trained civilians," and "all able bodied males . . . who are not already members of the regular armed forces." The Virginia Declaration of Rights says "a well regulated militia *composed of the body of people* . . ." And Alexander Hamilton, writing in *Federalist* #29, defines the character of a well regulated militia as the degree of perfection attained by the *citizens* through time and practice under arms.

If Mr. Mano would read *The Federalist* papers, instead of "ransacking" them as he claims to have done, he would find that Hamilton, Madison, and Jay felt it necessary to require every citizen to be armed, considering it not only a right but an obligation. In *Federalist* #46 Madison speaks of "the advantage of being armed, which the Americans possess over the people of almost every nation."

To Mr. Mano and others of his persuasion, I offer two quotations that come to mind. Alexander Hamilton wrote: "To be more safe, they at length run the risk of being less free." And Ben Franklin expressed similar sentiments when he wrote:



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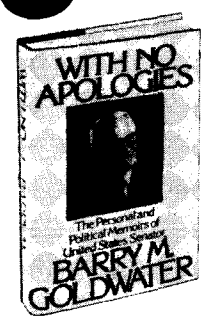


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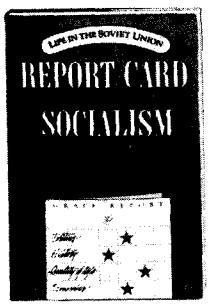


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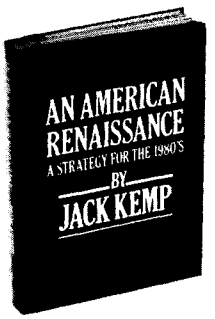


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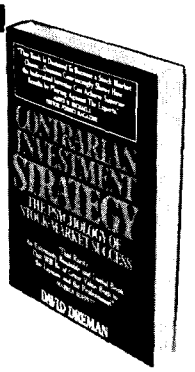


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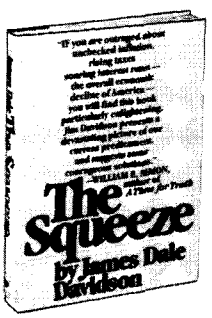


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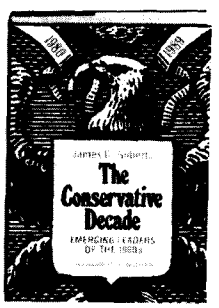


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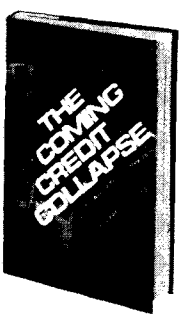


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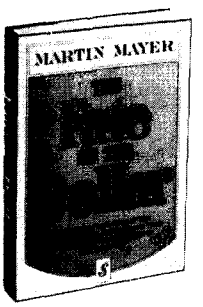


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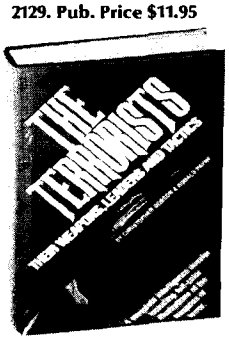


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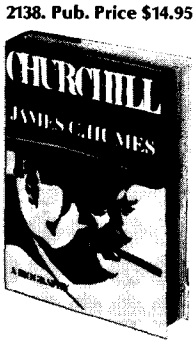


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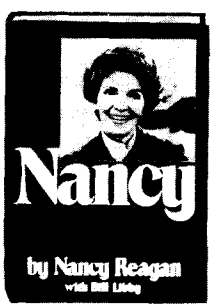


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"They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

*R. F. Hoffman*
*Philadelphia, Pa*

### Fly Swatter

*NR*'s editorial "Human Eruption in Poland" [Sept. 5], which calls for a big U.S propaganda show in the United Nations to capitalize on the workers' strike, is just dead wrong. What's more important: scoring points, or seeing a real wedge open up in the Soviet monolith? By shouting about Poland, the U.S. would be making it a test of wills with the Kremlin. By shutting up, we let the Poles themselves face down the Soviets. After Afghanistan I doubt that the Kremlin is eager to appear *once again* to be swatting flies with hatchets (granted that the Afghan freedom fighters haven't behaved exactly as "flies," and granted also that the Carter Administration's non-response on Poland is probably more velleity than Kissingerian cunning). The time for propaganda shouting is *after* the damage has been done: to exact a price for some new Soviet effrontery. The Kremlin hasn't (yet) done the damage in Poland. If we keep our mouth closed, they might, just might, not do it at all. The chink in their armor will at last have been found—in historic old Danzig, of all places.

*Theodore S. Voelker*
*Paxton, Mass.*

### The Greek Way

William F. Buckley's friend Ralph Waldo Emerson IV was mistaken when he told Buckley, "It [the progressive income tax] was formally originated by a wild man on the eve of the French Revolution" ["On the Right," Sept. 5].

Actually, a progressive income tax was instituted by Solon as a part of his reformation of Athenian society. Dividing all free men into groups according to annual income, he taxed the wealthier (*pentacosiomedimni*: five-hundred-bushel men) on 12 times the value of their income; the second wealthiest (*hippes*, with three to five hundred bushels annually), on ten times; the third wealthiest (*zeugitai*, with two to three hundred bushels) on five times; the poorest group, the *thetes*, was exempted from the income tax.

The Greeks thought well enough of Solon's reforms to enroll him among their Seven Wise Men.

*John Breithaupt*
*Salem, N.H.*

### Who Shall Judge Solzhenitsyn?

I was interested in Joseph A. Rehyansky's criticism of Solzhenitsyn ["The Noblest Man," August 8], that in *The Oak and the Calf* he intimated a certain callousness towards his children when he described



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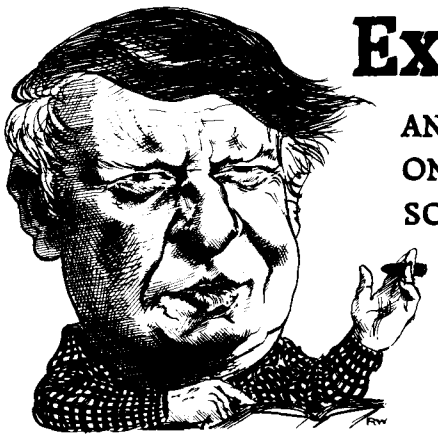
# Exfoliations



## ANTHONY BURGESS ON THE FOLIO SOCIETY

People who love books should stay put and surround themselves with large libraries. I wish I had taken my own advice a long time ago instead of leaving England for one foreign spot after another, trailing folios behind me as in a giant paperchase. The library I now have about me as I write is big but deficient. It contains too many unsold review copies (try selling a review copy of *The Joys of Yiddish* in Monte Carlo). I woke one morning last month raging at the absence of certain works I love – love so much that I had lent and so lost them – and, in advancing age, wished to reread and reread again. How to get hold of them? There are no bookshops on the Continent where I am likely to find a secondhand *Diary of a Nobody* or *Cold Comfort Farm*.

That's why I was delighted to find, in the catalogue of The Folio Society, these two masterpieces of British comedy. And not thumbed or battered but shining and new and protected by slip-cases. I want other people to read these two books, but I am not going to lend them any more. In the Folio edition they are far too handsome. When I want to proselytise, I shall merely give the address of The Folio Society.

I think we have all been puritanised into seeing books as vehicles of earnest enlightenment and forgetting that they can be lovely things to handle. It is as if BOOK were an acronym for Box Of Organised Knowledge. We have become paperback-buyers and put up with torn spines and covers on which telephone numbers have been ballpointed. We have to relearn pride in books as objects lovely in themselves.

Still, I have one Folio book which would suit that character. It is *The Bayeux Tapestry*, a thing I've always wanted but evaded buying because of the old puritanism which insisted that a book must be words. Well, there *are* words here – a translation of the earliest contemporary account of the Norman invasion – but those incredible cartoons speak louder. And I now have the *Brief Lives* of John Aubrey embellished with portraits of their subjects. Like haughty ships they ride the choppy waters of Aubrey's gossipy prose. There's no doubt about it: a book is the better for illustrations. They help the imagination and rest the eye. Charles Dickens is as much his illustrators as himself, and he knew it. The Folio Society has restored the art of flattering the eye. We have not merely drawings but calligraphic flourishes and the most exquisite typography.

Another thing. I felt it was time to reread Hardy's poems and Kipling's stories, but in neither instance did I wish to read them all. In the Folio selections I seem to have all I want. Tim Wilkinson has in his Kipling 'Dayspring Mishandled', which I did not expect to get. (I would have grovelled at his feet if he'd included 'Proofs of Holy Writ'). This is a fine Kipling, and Ian Ribbons has decked it, even on the cover, with bold impressions of the dead Raj. Sir Osbert Lancaster did the Saki drawings, which convey exactly the urbanity of that brilliant writer who died on the Western Front in 1916 shouting 'Put that bloody cigarette out!' My wife, who translated the story into Italian, complains of the absence of 'The Fall of Icarus', but it is in the nature of a selection to select. I shall never lend out this Saki and thereby lose him.

The introductions are usually as good as the selections. For instance, Malcolm Muggeridge tells me things about Hesketh Pearson that I never knew and was shocked to learn: this is in the preface to *The Smith of Smiths*, which I wanted and now at last have. Pearson's a fine brief biographer damnably hard to keep in, or get back into, print. It is in the restoration and eternisation of writers like him that The Folio Society shows its devotion to literature. But its ultimate devotion is to The Book – the precious lifeblood flowing through a living body of print most elegantly dressed. That they are able to sell these lovely artefacts at such reasonable prices is a matter for wonder. It's best to get in there at once and buy before they grow hard and commercial and regret what looks very much like bibliophilic philanthropy.

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how he and his wife decided the children rated no more consideration that the millions done to death in the labor camps. It was essential, they considered, that the *Gulag books should come out*, even though their publication led to their children being taken as hostages. Here, surely, Solzhenitsyn was only following Jesus Christ, who told his disciples that in following Him they must put aside family affections, and, indeed, all considerations relating to this world. If Solzhenitsyn fell from grace in this respect, then so did the founder of the Christian religion. I myself consider that they were both sublimely right. Your reviewer, too, complains that the Gulag books are repetitive. But so, alas, are the crimes they document. Jack the Ripper was decidedly repetitive; so were Himmler's men in mounting their holocaust. Descriptions of mass-murders, I'm afraid, just cannot avoid being repetitive.

*Malcolm Muggeridge*
*Sussex, England*

### You Say Tomato . . .

The cover on the Aug. 22 NATIONAL REVIEW is partly in error. "I'll whip his ass" should read, "I'll whup his ass." This colorful figure of speech is a Southern colloquialism dating back to the early South. The expression is not original with Mr. Carter as many people think.

*Ursula F. Werdenhoff*
*Sebring, Fla.*

### What Women Want

"Women now have every right you can think of that any woman this side of Bella Abzug wants," writes William F. Buckley ["On the Right," Aug. 8]. Tell that to an ambitious young female officer in the armed forces who wants to qualify as, say, a fighter pilot. She may be as talented and courageous as any male rival, but she cannot be judged on her individual merits; she is excluded from consideration purely on grounds of sex.

In 1950 a U.S. general in Korea imposed a ban on female combat correspondents. It was no less a conservative than General Douglas MacArthur who vetoed the order, permitting Marguerite Higgins to continue her work. Soon afterward a regimental commander credited the deceptively decorative "Maggie" with saving the lives of American wounded, *and commended her publicly for heroism* under fire. Her front-line dispatches earned her a Pulitzer Prize. For the next 15 years, until her untimely death early in 1966, Miss Higgins was among the nation's most respected anti-Communist journalists. Her last book, *Our Vietnam Nightmare*, remains important reading for any student of the disastrous consequences of liberalism in high places.

Clearly MacArthur's judgment was vindicated. By treating her fairly, and not trying to shield her from risks that she was eager to accept, MacArthur removed an obstacle that prejudice had created to Miss Higgins's professional success. Female military and naval personnel deserve no less. That does not necessarily mean the ERA, but women who find themselves discriminated against by antiquated laws and regulations can be forgiven if they turn to a constitutional amendment as the one sure remedy.

*Kenneth H. W. Hilborn*
*University of Western Ontario*
*London, Canada*

Re your editorial of Aug. 8, "What do Women Want?": *I* do not want preferential treatment by Social Security, or insurance companies, or penal codes—or draft boards.

*Susan Frank*
*Reno, Nev.*

*Bully for you. As the law now stands, nothing in the world obliges you to accept such generosities as continue to be offered to women. But why do you want to make them illegal for your sisters?*

—MC

### Postal Woes

In "On the Right" [July 25], I read of the

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uncertain future of publications like *NR*. I recall a story Mr. Buckley related some years ago of a couple named Brennan who, in Rochester, N.Y., established a very successful independent mail delivery service. (Yes, you guessed it, after an inquiry some years later, I learned that the government closed down this successful operation because it was "illegal.")

But, instead of appealing to a foundation, as WFB suggests, why don't you get all the reputable periodicals to join a movement to use a non-government-controlled delivery service? Say, the UPS? (I personally find UPS more satisfactory than the Postal Service.)

*Sister Mary Lawrence, VHM*
*St. Louis, Mo.*

**Preferential Everything**

I have just read Cato's letter from Washington [June 13] in which he tells us that blacks, Hispanics, Orientals, and American Indians, as minority applicants, will henceforth be given a bonus of five points on the "rigorous" Foreign Service exam. The reason for this largesse is that the State Department affirmative-action program has produced an insufficient number of minority officers.

Now this raises a rather interesting question. First, who authorized the introduction of "differential scoring"? For if it is a Department ruling, what happens if after a stated period the five-point "bonus" still fails to produce a sufficient number of minority officers (whatever the word "sufficient" means)? Does the bonus go up to ten points? To 15 points? Is there a terminal point to "differential scoring"?

Unintentionally, I'm sure, the Department decision insults minorities. Differential scoring is simply a form of preferential hiring practices. In other words, being treated on the basis of equality is thought insufficient to guarantee success for minority applicants—even after at least four years of high school and four years of university. Arthur Jensen, anybody?

And if a policy of "differential scoring" can be justified by the Federal Government, why not "differential voting"? Why not grant a vote by a minority bloc 5 per cent more value than a vote by the majority bloc? After all, if the present voting system prevents a "sufficient" number of minority candidates from being successful, then change the method of counting votes. This may, of course, mean that we will have to vote as racial, religious, or color blocs. To achieve perfect democracy, one can visualize the New Egalitarians demanding repeal of the once-democratic slogan, "One man, one vote"—or does that slogan apply only in Zimbabwe and South Africa?

*Arnold Beichman*
*Naramata, B.C.*


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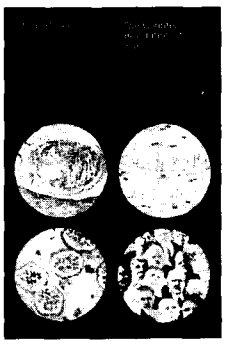

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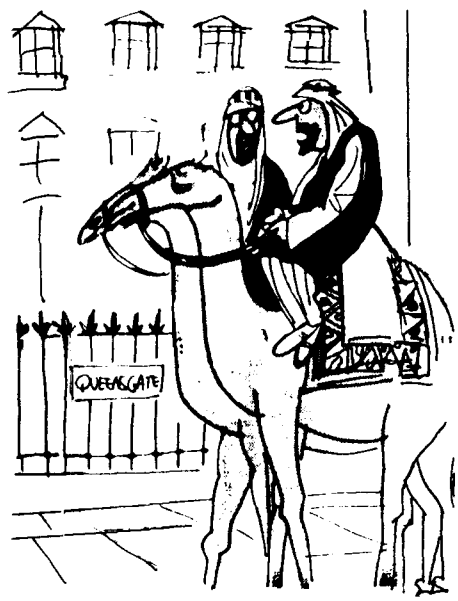
# FOR THE RECORD

■ What a drumbeat there's been in the national press about the newly discovered political power of the newly discovered **evangelicals**, who are said to number some 40 to 50 million. Could they put **Ronald Reagan** over the top? No, but they might do it to **Jimmy Carter** says **Dr. Gallup**—whose latest poll shows that among evangelicals registered to vote Carter leads Reagan 52 to 31 (**Anderson** gets 6 per cent). . . . Leading polls taken weekend of Sept. 12 all show Reagan and Carter just about even, given a point or two. But who's got the Big Nine states? According to political analyst **Kevin Phillips**, Reagan is ahead in New Jersey, Texas, and California; Carter in Massachusetts. He says New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois are too close to call. . . . In some of these, Anderson could make the difference: In 1976 Carter carried **New York** by 52.2 per cent, **Pennsylvania** by 51.3, **Ohio** by 50.1, **Texas** by 51.5 per cent. . . . Jimmy Carter picked up one important vote last week, Mayor **Jane Byrne** of Chicago, but her price was high—over $100 million in federal grants to the Windy City in the last fortnight. . . . Reagan picked one up too, former Black Panther **Eldridge Cleaver** who voted for Carter in '76. Cleaver says Carter has "betrayed the black people.". . . The irrepressible Mr. Reagan can't seem to stop ad-libbing. When his speechwriters gave him a couple of pretty good lines: "A recession is when a neighbor loses his job, a depression is when you lose your job," he added, "and recovery is when President Carter loses his job."

■ Problems left and right. Socialist **William Winpisinger**, president of the Machinists Union (which is nearly one million strong) has refused to endorse




Cookson, *London Evening News* Rothco

**"Are you sure it's us, or is it the camels they object to?"**

any presidential candidate this year; he urges his members to work in congressional races. . . . **Denis Glavin** of the unaffiliated Electrical Workers union is also withholding endorsement, and **John Henning**, head of the California AFL-CIO, talking to the Electrical workers convention in Cincinnati, suggests that labor start a party of its own. . . . Left-wing Rep. **John Conyers** (D., Mich.), of the congressional Black Caucus, says the time has come to examine "whether the Democratic Party is worth saving or is it time to move to a third political party.". . . There is talk of a union between the **Machinists** and the unaffiliated **United Auto Workers** to form the backbone for a new labor party. . . . On the right, Reagan's having his problems with the usual Republican liberal mavericks. Sen. **Charles Mathias** (R., Md.) doesn't know whom he'll vote for in November; he's hoping Anderson will be on the ballot in Maryland; Rep. **Pete McCloskey** (R., Calif.) was "on the verge" of coming out for Reagan when he heard the reference to Vietnam as a noble cause "and it made me sick." . . . According to Kevin Phillips, Sen. **Lowell Weicker** of Connecticut is considering a bolt from the party. Weicker has, grudgingly, endorsed Reagan, but not **Bush**, or **James Buckley**.

■ In some stunning late primaries, Buckley won an easy victory over **Richard Bozzuto** in the Connecticut Republican senatorial primary, and Phillips says the National GOP Senate Campaign Committee is "weighing upgrading Buckley's Senate race to the top money list. . . . The *Washington Post* called **Alphonse D'Amato**'s defeat of **Jacob Javits** "the must stunning upset of 1980," and volunteers reportedly are flocking to D'Amato's headquarters (383 Old Country Rd., Carle Place, N.Y. 11514). . . . On the Democratic side in New York, media miracle man **David Garth** struck out. Garth is credited with the winning races of New York Gov. **Hugh Carey** and Mayor **Ed Koch**, but his senatorial candidate **Bess Myerson** lost badly to Rep. **Elizabeth Holtzman**, who got the Democratic nod. . . . In New Hampshire, moderate former Attorney General **Warren Rudman** beat out a field of 11 others—most of them conservatives—to face liberal Democrat Sen. **John Durkin**; in Georgia, the *Atlanta Constitution* says that Sen. **Herman Talmadge**, who beat a scandal and his opponents in the primary, will face "his toughest GOP foe yet" in **Matt Mattingly**.

■ Going the rounds among Soviet garrisons in **Omsk**: Why die for **Gdansk**?



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# THE WEEK

■ LINCOLN AIDES EXPLAIN 'HOUSE DIVIDED' GAFFE

■ "Carter Voices Optimism On Hostage Crisis"; "Muskie Cautions Against Premature Optimism On Hostages." *Washington Post*, same page, same day.

■ Earlier this year the five-member Nuclear Regulatory Commission voted unanimously against a proposed sale of 38 tons of enriched uranium to India. On June 19 Mr. Carter overruled the Commission and ordered the shipment. Congress, which (under the Nuclear Regulatory Act), has sixty legislative days to veto, took no action before the Democratic Convention —to spare Mr. Carter embarrassment. On September 9 and 10 Secretary of State Muskie uncorked all his legendary powers of persuasion, breakfasting with senators, testifying, arguing *in camera*. On the 10th the House Foreign Relations Committee voted to overrule Carter and stop the sale. The proposal now goes to the floor of both houses, where the Carter-Gandhi mob may look forward to a rollicking defeat.

■ Inflation and the energy crisis are in the limelight now, but what about America's strategic non-fuel mineral dependence? In the event of war, or an increase in African instability, the raw materials on which U.S. defense relies could be cut off, making inflation and the energy crisis, well, secondary. In Washington Paper Number 70, *Strategic Mineral Dependence: The Stockpile Dilemma*, Amos Jordan and Robert Kilmarx of Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies underline the importance of maintaining stockpiles of the minerals on which the U.S. depends. While we are better off than our allies, we nevertheless import over 90 per cent of such minerals as manganese (98 per cent), cobalt (97 per cent), bauxite and chromium (91 per cent each). This dependence is aggravated because the source of many of these materials is in the politically volatile region of southern Africa. While the Carter human rights brigade may not approve of the Pretoria regime, we cannot afford to thumb our noses and risk undermining our own interests. The other major source of non-fuel minerals in the past has been the Soviet Union, but that is changing. The Soviets have recently cut back on mineral exports to the West and, with the aide of Cuban proxy forces, have moved into the southern African region, giving Pretoria the distinctly unpleasant sensation of encirclement. Our stockpiles continue dangerously low. Politicians have been raiding U.S. stockpiles to fund domestic spending programs for ages; they are still doing it.

■ INAUGURAL REMARKS NOT PRO-CONFEDERACY, WHITE HOUSE INSISTS

■ The latest report from the National Committee to Restore Internal Security contains a stark interview with Major General George Keegan Jr. Keegan, who retired in 1977 as chief of Air Force Intelligence, discusses everything from the politicization of CIA to Soviet violations of SALT I, but he is perhaps at his most devastating on the "radicalization of the present political Administration." There are, he says, hundreds of people, sprinkled throughout the White House, State Department, and Defense Department, who some "15 to 20 years ago could not have passed even a rudimentary security check, so antimilitary and pro-Marxist are their views." It is they, says Keegan, who performed the necessary spadework that Carter used to justify his decision to cancel the B-1, the nuclear carrier, and the neutron warhead.

■ As a starter let's all agree that General Pinochet is an authoritarian. But is that excuse enough for the biased reporting he gets? A case in point: the UPI story September 11, on the recent referendum in Chile. The lead sentence: "Chileans, threatened with arrest if they did not vote in a national referendum, gave President Augusto Pinochet an overwhelming mandate yesterday to stay in power at least nine more years." The story went on to say that "an estimated 6.7 million Chileans voted in the referendum," and that "initial returns showed more than 2.2 million persons approved the new constitution, while 904,770 voted against the document." That leaves 3,595,230 Chileans now waiting to be rounded up and jailed for failure to obey the forced-voting law.

## Jimmy's October Event

Nobody knows what they're planning;
  Nobody dares to predict.
Reagan is constantly scanning—
  Nobody likes to be tricked.
Jimmy's been reading Houdini;
  Rosalynn's been studying Poe.
Neither minds being a meany
  If they're advancing toward "Go."

W. H. VON DREELE



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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Just follow the money in a political campaign and you'll follow the power. Jesse Unruh or some other legendary figure must have said that. Whatever its origin, it's true. An hour with the Carter-Mondale Federal Elections Commission reports yields a number of insights into the President's reelection effort. Most striking is the sheer size of the effort, even in these days of campaign spending reform. During the month of July, for instance, the Carter-Mondale committee paid Caesar's Palace Hotel in Las Vegas $24,987 for meetings; Washington's Madison Hotel $18,415 for dinner bills; and the irreplacable Xerox Corporation $30,873 for copies of forgettable documents, FEC reports most definitely included. If politics can be defined as a telephone call interrupted occasionally by a vote —and it can be—one would expect hefty telephone bills. One would not be disappointed. Setting up for the August convention, Carter's telephonophiles ran up a $63,000 bill with New York Telephone. The big bills, not surprisingly, are generated by media, with Gerald Rafshoon's Communications going for the gold this year. During the month of March, when Rafshoon had just completed his classic vivisection of Edward M. Kennedy, Rafshoon's shop submitted bills for "media production" amounting to $1,025,666. That's a lotta grits.

FEC reports also document what atmospheric evidence has suggested. Campaign Manager Robert Strauss, and only campaign manager Robert Strauss, travels first class. During July, Strauss put in chits for personal expenses, apparently excluding airlines and hotel bills, of $2,964.54. That's a lotta bellboys. Travel expenses are listed for darn near every recognizable name in the Carter Administration, which is another way of saying that Carter has maximized the incumbency. Cabinet members have been on the road for Carter-Mondale for more than six months.

John Sears said recently that he used to begin campaign recruitment by signing up a good speechwriter, but that under the new rules he would be better advised to begin with a good accountant and a sharp lawyer. FEC reports reflect this shift in campaign emphasis. The bulk of the legal work for Carter-Mondale this summer was done by the firm of Rogers & Wells, usually described in the press either as a Republican firm (it was closely associated with the late Nelson Rockefeller) or as William Rogers's firm, in reference to the former Secretary of State who is now the firm's senior partner. Both descriptions would seem to be dated. During July, Rogers & Wells submitted bills for $28,345. That's a lotta xeroxing.

On the payroll list, we find Tim Kraft among the leaders with an annualized paycheck of $56,000, and campaign press secretary Linda Peek fighting chauvinism at the $18,692 level. Latecomers Hamilton Jördan and Robert Strauss have accommodated themselves to financial austerity, with Jördan drawing pay in July at a $33,111 annual rate, and Strauss unlisted altogether. But one suspects that there may be a bonus in it for them if Carter is re-elected. The omnipresent Patrick Caddell, the "President's pollster" as he is known to his commercial clients, is listed neither in the FEC reports nor on the White House payroll.

■ John Lofton, the feisty new editor of *Conservative Digest*, is already making his mark. His first issue, a meat-axe attack on Senator Howard Baker, is widely believed to have been the decisive blow against Baker's vice presidential prospects, and his second issue, a high-choleric denunciation of the Reagan-Ford nightmare ticket, is landing on exposed nerves here and there.

■ Democratic officials have been weeping crocodile tears about those "independent" committees raising money to help Ronald Reagan this fall. It's unfair, unethical, probably illegal, fattening, environmentally unsound—you've heard the harangue. Fact is, the Reagan people aren't all that crazy about those efforts, either. Most of them, Reagan insiders suspect, are in the game only for themselves. Using Reagan's name, these self-starting committees can raise money—and build mailing lists—for their own organizational benefit. What Reagan gets out of it, other than the bad publicity, is not yet clear. Some of the independents may just take the money and run. That's bad enough. What gives Reagan's people the shakes is the possibility that the independents will roll out media campaigns undercutting the thrust of Reagan's official campaign. Either way, Reagan's hands are tied. FEC rules prohibit direct communication between Reagan and the independent committees working in his behalf.

—CATO

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■ Gheorghe Calciu is a Rumanian Orthodox priest who practices an austere regimen: he stands in a dank dungeon cell from five in the morning until 11 at night. Every other day he eats: a quarter-pound of bread. He has lived like this for over a year, since he was convicted (*in camera*) of preaching against the official atheism of the Rumanian state and accusing it of promoting—of all things!—hate. Father Calciu chose to take this risk even having spent 16 years in prison for his opposition to socialism. But this time the state means to finish the job: as he told his wife, during the only visit permitted him, "They are killing me. They promised it and they will keep their word—if you do not try something to save me during my few remaining weeks." If the prison were in Chile, South Africa, or South Korea, Father Calciu could count on the legions of the news and entertainment industries to rescue him. As things stand, you probably, alas, read it here first. But maybe your congressman hasn't heard about it.

■ GETTYSBURG NOD TO 'OUR FATHERS' SEXIST, MISS ANTHONY CHARGES

■ The late Justice William O. Douglas's *Memoirs* have now been published (Random House), to no avail. The old paranoid returns from the grave to tell us of his persecutors: the FBI, the Establishment, sev-



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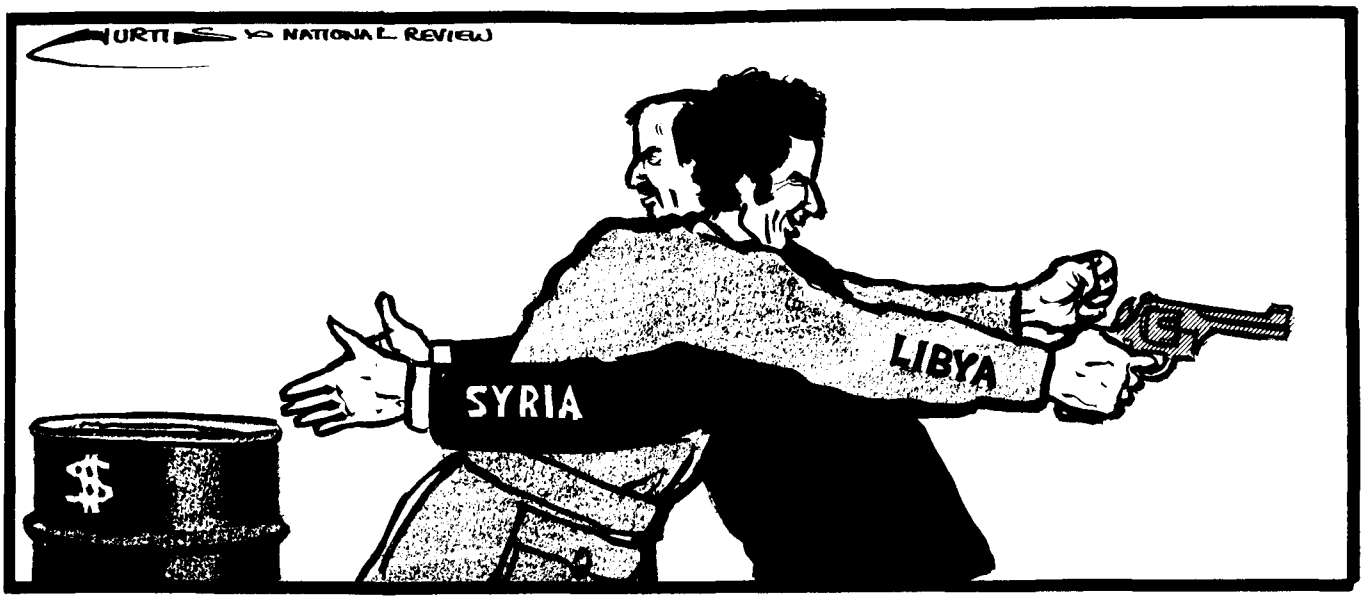


eral Administrations, the Bar Association, big business, power politics, the "trusts." In stock paranoid style he adopted the scorched-earth policy and destroyed his territory before his enemies could get to it: he thought of legal decisions as mere emotion decked out in rationality, he preferred to "create a precedent" rather than "to find one," and he thought of the Supreme Court as only a "symbol" of the Constitution. Filled with Fear, and her daughter, Hatred, he took to rambling through woodland paths, and praising whatever had never been touched by human hand. Case dismissed, with prejudice.

■ The Vatican has ruled that dissident Anglican priests who reject the ordination of women may come to Rome, *with* their wives, though they must be themselves reordained. Which isn't sitting too well with Father—oops, Mother—or would that be Parent?—Betty Bone Schiess of the Episcopal Diocese of Central New York, who writes to the *New York Times*: "It is terrifying that asylum should be given to ecclesiastical criminals" who are filled with "fear and hatred of women." The Vatican's action, she says, "is an affront to people of good will in all branches of faith . . . to women, to men, and to God." And to think—some people identify liberalism with milky tolerance.

■ President Clarifies Praise Of 'Great' Civil War

■ Culture Watch: John Berger, based in London and a prolific writer, is probably the most boring and incompetent art critic now practicing his trade—yet an attempt is being made to rescue him from richly deserved American neglect. Why? Stay tuned. New York's *Village Voice* recently featured an appreciation of Berger starting on page one with the headline "John Berger is a Big Deal"—apparently because Berger is a Marxist, subspecies Numbskull. He thinks abstract modern art a tool of corporate power. "He excuses artists who lived before the twentieth century for not possessing a revolutionary Marxist consciousness; they didn't know better. But artists of this century should." In the presence of artistic power, Berger is relentlessly moralistic, entirely confusing his categories: "However conservative and negative Millet's overall perspective might have been, he sensed, it seems to me, two things which at the time few others foresaw: the poverty of the city and its suburbs." As the *Voice* itself observes, Berger "only discusses contemporary art that illustrates his political theories." Then why is this feeble klutz being recommended to us? Because, apparently, of his *Marxism*—which amounts to little more than a predictable nervous tic. This is *really* affirmative action.

■ Notwithstanding its recent disclosure, Stealth appears to have been the operative Carter policy all along. The promised reduction in spending growth, bureaucracy, and red tape has certainly been stealthy. Reducing unemployment has been stealthier than ever, and the war on inflation is three times as stealthy as it was under President Ford. Tax stealth is up 50 per cent, but defense stealth is lagging badly.

■ Mr. Carter didn't really duck out of the debate. He was just practicing his Stealth.

■ After 18 years of litigation, Marilyn Monroe's $1.6 million estate has finally been settled. After taxes and 18 years of lawyers' fees, there was $101,000 left for her heirs.

■ Erratum. In our last issue we corrected previous



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reports on Jean Seberg's harassment by the FBI, and in so doing unwittingly continued to spread the myth that she had indeed been—harassed by the FBI. She wasn't. The FBI has never admitted leaking the story of her pregnancy by a Black Panther, and in fact denies having done so. The columnists who printed the story deny that the FBI was their source. Miss Seberg had told a number of people the truth, which was presumably relayed to still others, up to and including the journalists who finally ran it. We regret the error.

■ Lincoln Denies Intent To Fool All The People Some Of The Time

# Campaign Watch

## I. Carter Blows a Big One

Speaking on a morning TV interview show, former President Richard Nixon gave it as his opinion that Carter's "Georgia boys" are really tough, and that they play political "hardball." Well, they have just made their first major blunder of the 1980 campaign, perhaps by straining to play super-hardball.

In 1960, Richard Nixon lost the presidential election by agreeing to debate John F. Kennedy. Twenty years later, Jimmy Carter may have lost it by refusing to take part in a three-way debate on September 21 with John Anderson and Ronald Reagan.

Carter's tactical calculations are plain enough, and he is in a tough and tricky predicament. John Anderson draws far more votes from Carter than he does from Reagan. Therefore—the Georgia boys must have reasoned—why add to Anderson's media exposure? The Carterites decided not to do so. The Carterites no doubt hope to hang tough, pretend that Anderson does not exist or will go away, take the heat, and cut their losses. This looks like a very bad miscalculation.

First of all, John Anderson is—at this writing, pre-debate—a serious problem for Carter. He has the potential of shaping a substantial constituency of voters who are economically prudent but liberal on social issues. Anderson now stands at about 15 per cent nationally, but he is several points higher in such large key states as New York and California. Carter cannot hope to solve his Anderson problem by running away from it. His imperative, rather, is to destroy Anderson—and he should have used the September 21 debate as a chance to do so. Anderson's record in Congress is certainly vulnerable from a liberal point of view; the role Anderson has been playing in this election has many ambiguities, and so forth. Carter should have decided to hit at him directly before a national audience.

Then too, the September 21 debate, even without Carter, will attract a huge audience, perhaps fifty million. It cannot be kept secret. And, if Carter does stay away, Anderson and Reagan will take turns sandbagging him—though they will not have the benefit of that empty chair.

An Anderson-Reagan debate, indeed, sans Carter, would be a tactical coup for Anderson. His hope in this election is to emerge as the "real" alternative to Reagan, displacing Carter. Carter has chosen to displace himself, right off the screen.

A host of other considerations should have entered into the calculations of the hardball players from Plains and Atlanta: presidential debates have become semi-institutionalized and people expect them; the issue of "fair play" for Anderson; the lesson of Nashua, during the New Hampshire primary—where Reagan looked hospitable to the other Republican candidates, and George Bush looked defensive and exclusivist.

The Carterites' decision on this matter is so questionable they may well reverse it; but damage has already been done.

## II. Speaking of Anderson

John Anderson's candidacy raises some interesting questions about voting for third candidates who are unlikely to win in presidential elections. Carter's campaign chairman Robert Strauss and many journalists have been arguing that a vote for Anderson is really a vote for Reagan—and that discontented liberals should therefore dump Anderson and vote for Carter.

The matter is more complicated. In 1968, many disaffected Democrats voted for George Wallace instead of Hubert Humphrey. This did, of course, help Nixon. But those same Democrats, sans Wallace, might well have stayed home. They might have voted for Nixon, rather than for Humphrey's brand of liberalism. In any case, their votes were *Wallace* votes, there were a lot of them, and they created a new political reality. They forced both parties to take into account the newly crystallized Wallace constituency. Nixon courted it in 1972 with his successful "sunbelt" strategy; in 1976, Jimmy Carter went after the Wallace vote, which he, alone among Democratic candidates, could appeal to. In 1968, though failing to win the Presidency, George Wallace changed American politics.

Is there, similarly, a distinctive Anderson constituency? Perhaps, perhaps not. The demonstration has yet to be made. We speculate above that such a constituency might be relatively affluent, prudent on economic issues but liberal on social issues, as they are called. Some evidence does exist that there is such a constituency, but so far Anderson has done little to evoke it beyond offering himself as an alternative to the principal candidates.



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One function of such a third candidate is to redefine the significant forces in the national political equation. Votes for George Wallace or Theodore Roosevelt or Norman Thomas were not simply thrown away, even though they did not directly elect a President. Those votes carried a message. Whether John Anderson can rise to that level of political– as against arithmetic—significance remains to be established.

## III. The Deacon

Taxonomically. Jimmy Carter ranks very high in the eyes of connoisseurs. He has declared himself to be, and perhaps even is, pious. The public apparently believe his protestations, since he continues to rank high in the personal decency polls. But he is running one of the most vicious and personal campaigns within living memory, and his immediate circle appears to be corrupt up to and perhaps over the threshold of criminality.

*Exhibit A: Ronald Reagan will blow up the world.* Campaigning in Independence, Missouri Carter charged that Reagan would initiate "a massive nuclear arms race against the Soviet Union"—and just savor those words "nuclear" and "against"—which would amount to "one of the most serious threats to the safety and security and peace of our nation and the world that is being dramatized in this election."

Now Carter uses words rather as Jackson Pollock used paint: he squirts them at you; but he gets his point across, from beneath Herblock's sewer cover.

*Exhibit B: Ronald Reagan is a racist.* Speaking in the Atlanta church where Martin Luther King Sr. preached for years, the President of the United States told a black audience that Ronald Reagan had injected "hatred" and "racism" into the campaign by using "code words" like "states' rights." Carter added that if Reagan were elected, Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday would never be a national holiday. The President thus appropriately celebrated the centennial of H. L. Mencken.

In fact, Carter, who is frequently photographed in prayer, has sat for three and one-half years on a surprising can of worms.

The President's first budget director, Bert Lance, recently gained a "not guilty" verdict from a Georgia grand jury on misuse of funds charges; but no one is suggesting that he return to the White House, and his banking practices deserve some sort of mention in the *Guinness Book of World Records.*

Drug charges forced White House physician Peter Bourne out of town. Drug charges overtook Hamilton Jördan in the midst of his singles' bars escapades, but were deflected, and drug charges now threaten political strategist Tim Kraft. Both Attorney General Ben Civiletti and National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski appear to be on slippery turf in the Billy Carter scandal. Secretary of the Treasury William Miller suffered an attack of amnesia when questioned about millions in illegal payments by Textron during his tenure as executive officer. We have had fumes arising over Korean payments, scandals at the GSA, and over the Vesco case. Early on, Carter's Justice Department fired a Republican prosecutor who was hot on the trail of a crooked congressman.

And so it goes. Carter is doing a high-wire act over a cesspool, preaching all the way. Sinclair Lewis, thou shouldst be living at this hour. We have a Warren Harding impersonating Elmer Gantry.

## Ding-Dong!

Like Sleeping Beauty, New York State
Was wakened from an awful fate
When voters, in their wisdom, kissed
Alfonse D'Amato, exorcist.

W. H. von Dreele

# Nix on Affirmative Action

Senator Orrin Hatch has performed a great service in the gathering battle over "affirmative action"—the morass of Supreme Court decisions and slapdash statutes that in effect require discrimination on the basis of race. The *Congressional Record* (Sept. 3) carries his opening salvo, fully 112 pages of political discourse of the highest order, not only the Senator's own remarks, but reprints of judicial opinions and articles by George Will, James J. Kilpatrick, Justices Stewart and Rehnquist, Justice Stevens, James H. Wentzel, Justice Douglas, Nicholas Capaldi, Professor William Van Alstyne, Professor Bernard D. Meltzer, Professor Carl Cohen, William A. Rusher, Professor Judy Wubnig, Professor Thomas Sowell, Professor Joseph Adelson, James Webb, Victoria Sackett, Timothy B. Clark, John H. Bunzel, Professor Ralph K. Winter, Dr. Bernard D. Davis, J. W. Foster, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Wm. F. Buckley Jr., and Midge Decter.

Senator Hatch concludes that only a constitutional amendment can clear the air, and offers his "Equal Protection" Amendment ("Neither the United States nor any State shall make or enforce a law which makes distinctions on account of race, color, or national origin. . . .") The amendment contains seven sections and is carefully drawn up.

Senator Hatch's peroration is arresting: "Mr. President, it is common when criticizing 'progressive' schemes of reform to pay tribute to the good inten-



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tions of their framers, no matter how foolish their plans may be, or how unscrupulous their attacks upon oneself. This is part of our modern political culture, where loudly proclaimed beneficial intentions toward the multitude are held to justify any number of atrocities inflicted upon the individual. I am going to depart from that tradition here. I believe affirmative action is an assault upon America, conceived in lies and fostered with an irresponsibility so extreme as to verge upon the malign. If the government officials and politicians who presided over its genesis had injected heroin into the bloodstream of the nation, they could not have done more potential damage to our children and our children's children. We cannot look upon their work with equanimity; nor should we. It may take years, even decades, to redress this wrong. But the time to start is now."

# Pi in the Sky

For all the uproar, a heinous breach of security is not self-evident in Secretary of Defense Harold Brown's divulgence of an incipient technology looking to eventual production of varieties of vehicles of warfare, including intercontinental bombers immune to detection by radar. As any reader of popular literature on science knows, radar involves bouncing invisible rays off reflective surfaces back to a screen. Cross sections of oncoming objects thus screened vary in size according to the dimensions and the degrees of reflectivity of their surfaces perpendicular to the beams. Cross sections are diminished for rounded and ray-absorbing surfaces. Thus, theoretically, cork-covered cannon balls would be wholly undetectable by radar. Consideration of such traits in designing attack mechanisms to circumvent radar defenses dates from th origin of radar technology itself, roughly four decade ago, and has been usefully applied recently in produc ing unmanned air-breathing missiles. The current an heretofore hush-hush phase of pertinent research an development hustled into the limelight by Secretar Brown dates from the Ford Administration. In hig probability, Soviet inventiveness has been perseverin along countervailing lines without needing any stimulu from a newsy U.S. Secretary of Defense.

What is reprehensible, beyond any security breach is the bamboozlement. The Secretary's vaunt of technological innovation that "alters the militar balance significantly" calls up memories of an attrac tion often found at carnivals in the good old days—t wit, a vacant aquarium labeled as an exhibit of in visible fish. By all accounts, the incipient technolog concerned is still in the gadget stage—significantl short of materializing into a system. In developmen of any such technological system, putative gains mus be weighed against concomitant drawbacks. Whethe the Stealth program—to use its appealing tag—car ultimately generate, say, a line of intercontinenta bombers whose advantages preponderate over draw backs sufficiently to constitute a true strategic asse is conjectural. The Secretary's pronouncement is *pi* ir the sky—no remedy at all for dangers arising from the country's looming, if not already present, strategic inferiority to the Soviet Union.

Harold Brown knows better. The scope of his learning and his grasp of intricacies pertinent to technological aspects of defense are of a high order. In service to a President serious and sound in his approach to national security, Harold Brown could be notably useful. In subservience to a President who is frivolous about such responsibilities, he has permitted his highly reputed hold on technical expertise to be exploited, as distinguished from being employed. Illaudably, the Secretary of Defense has fallen in with the Carter Administration's practice of trifling about important matters. His Stealth press conference was a notorious instance.

## The Road Not Taken

There's drama just above the Forty-Eight.
On one side, centrists rally 'round Trudeau,
While, viewing with alarm each U.S. state,
The provinces are signifying *No.*
It's more than squatting on the status quo:
They've watched us slide from freedom to commune,
And some provincials find it a propos
To resurrect the writings of Calhoun.
We, meanwhile, like a plum become a prune,
With states a supine shadow of their past,
Look horrified at Canada's High Noon
As frightened Feds in Washington make fast.
The road from Appomattox tends to fade,
But who can doubt the difference it's made?

W. H. VON DREELE

# Handicapping the Export Race

When will the U.S. Government cease handicapping our exporters?—asks former Ambassador Michael Samuels, director of the Export Competitiveness Project at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies (CSIS). Exports could play a beneficial role in reducing the balance of payments deficit, stabilizing the dollar, and helping the U.S. maintain a foreign position abroad. But Americans are losing export markets as a result of unwise policies. Unfavorable tax rules and unique anti-bribery and



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anti-trust laws force U.S. exporters to play by more confining rules than our competitors face. Moreover, the Carter Administration's human rights campaign has caused many nations to regard U.S. firms as unreliable suppliers of goods. Major South American governments have told U.S. businessmen that they cannot risk having their development plans tied to American-supplied goods, because they never know when the U.S. Government is going to accuse them of human rights violations and interfere with commercial relations with U.S. firms.

Economist Penelope Hartland-Thunberg cites another frustration to add to the problems of U.S. exporters—what she calls the Marshall Plan mentality. We continue to give our allies unfair advantages in the competition for export markets even though they long ago recovered from World War II. And while the U.S. Government makes things hard on our exporters the French government works, another CSIS study reports, with business to protect and enlarge the French export market. Senators Lloyd Bentsen (D., Tex.) and William Roth (R., Del.) plausibly contend that a continuation of present U.S. policies means reduced competitiveness for U.S. exports and a smaller place for the U.S. in the world.

## When Should Bishops Speak?

Twenty years after the election of John Kennedy, the issue of church-state relations is back with us—notably in the Boston area, where Cardinal Madeiros has all but forbidden Catholics to vote for candidates who support abortion.

Seldom has a church official spoken out so strongly: Madeiros spoke of American society as "blood-drenched" by "this horrendous crime and deadly sin." His remarks were hotly resented by liberals, notably by Democratic congressional candidate Barney Frank, who is after the seat being vacated by Father Robert Drinan. If the Cardinal's statement was intended to defeat Frank, it not only failed but may have backfired: Frank won his primary two days after Madeiros spoke out.

Meanwhile, in West Germany, the nation's bishops have attacked the policies of Helmut Schmidt in terms that seem all but an endorsement of Franz Josef Strauss. Their complaints range from abortion to deficit spending. Schmidt himself was outraged, telling the bishops in effect to stay out of politics.

That used to be a sufficient answer, in the days when politics itself could be relied on to stay out of other things. Ideologues who undertake the near-total politicization of society can't complain when their opponents, subjects, and intended victims get into the act. But the liberal-to-socialist bloc has been remarkably inconsistent on this point. The church is derelict when it fails to protest the killing of Jews, but meddlesome when it protests the killing of the unborn. It is commendable for the church to support peace and civil rights, but reprehensible for it to support the family. Madeiros himself backed racial busing in Boston from the outset, and liberals didn't then tell him he had stepped outside the area of his proper concern; why now?

To collectivists, the separation of church and state really means that the church should acquiesce in, or militantly support, the collectivist agenda. It can't be observed too often that Western liberals and socialists don't regard the persecution and satellization of the churches under Communism as a serious moral or social problem.

But one other issue remains: that of tact and timing. The German bishops may be quite right about deficit spending; we think they are. But is this an issue on which it is proper or helpful for them to speak out? Cardinal Madeiros is eloquent and admirable in his opposition to abortion; but wouldn't it have been better to speak out earlier, in a more general way, so that all candidates might have been encouraged to adjust their positions?

Only a few political issues are of such gravity as to deserve the official commitment of organized religion. And on these, it seems to us, the churches ought to speak clearly and constantly, so as to avoid any appearance of partisanship. Their mission is not to win elections but to bear witness—and though the eventual result of their witness should be to elevate society, they should not seem to be trying to do this directly by taking sides.

## Inadmissible Evidence

James Dinnan, an education professor in Georgia, has gone to jail. He refuses to tell a court how he voted in the tenure case of a young woman in his department. She has brought suit (with the help of the National Education Association) on grounds of sex discrimination. This means dredging up not only facts but motives, and Dinnan contends that the court's inquiry violates academic freedom. He is now serving three months for contempt of court (he appeared at the jail in academic robes), and may wind up doing 18 more months.

The plaintiff's lawyer contends that unless such inquiries can be made, the right not to suffer discrimination by sex can't be practically enforced. But in every sort of litigation or prosecution there are forms of inadmissible evidence and limits on how one may gather it.

Dinnan, on the other hand, makes two claims. One



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is that his "conscience" is under attack. But a vote affecting another person's livelihood isn't exactly a matter between the voter and God. Dinnan was acting in an official capacity, and it is reasonable to insist that he be accountable to *someone*.

But who? He is on stronger ground when he argues that what is at stake is "the integrity of the system." Any institution that wants to remain free has to be trusted by society at large to make its own discretionary decisions. A dubious feature of most "civil rights" laws is that they make people responsible to the state not so much for overt acts as for the motives and reasons behind those acts—and the federal bureaucracy has been moving systematically to place the burden of proof on defendants. The Justice Department's willingness to use residential patterns as actionable evidence of racial discrimination is a recent case in point.

As long as we have such laws—and we are clearly stuck with them for quite a while—it is important that we formulate appropriate rules of evidence for their enforcement. And a key consideration in any such rules must be to keep the burden of proof on the prosecution—not only in justice to the defendant, but to prevent the wholesale satellization of local and private institutions by the Federal Government. In the absence of a sound code, universities will continue to be bullied by loose accusations and eager bureaucrats.

## Civil Liberties v. Human Rights

Walter Polovchak, 12, currently of Chicago, has become a *cause célèbre*: he doesn't want to go home to the Ukraine with his father. The senior Polovchak is one of those eccentric beings who prefer other things to personal freedom, rather like those old convicts one hears of from time to time who, their sentences expired, decline to leave the prison. He is more to be pitied than censured. All the same, Walter's violent reluctance to join him looks to us like a mature perception of the life that awaits him. And Walter's repatriation at this point would very likely be irrevocable.

Lo, the American Civil Liberties Union has entered the case—on the side of Walter's father. This is remarkable on two counts. First, the ACLU has seldom been known to champion the solidarity of the family: it favors kids' rights to sue their parents, get abortions and contraceptives without parental knowledge or consent, and lots more. (It publishes a handbook on minors' rights but none on parents'.) Second, if Walter goes back to the Ukraine, he may never see another civil liberty as long as he lives.

An ACLU lawyer told *People* magazine: "If this were a 12-year-old kid whose family was moving to California, and he didn't want to go, there would be no issue." Of course not. But what a philosophical floodlight that observation throws on the ACLU's notion of "civil liberties": the ACLU is practically committed to the proposition that in terms of freedom, there is little to choose between the Soviet Union and the state of California. Maybe an organization that pontificates on civil liberties ought to learn the difference. Little boys who run away from California aren't shot at the border, for instance.

The difference wasn't lost on Judge Joseph Mooney, who ruled that the life awaiting Walter in the Soviet Union was a relevant consideration in the case. To which an ACLU lawyer replied: "The plans of the parents are not an issue in this lawsuit." To which columnist Roger Simon in turn replied: "Rarely has the theory of 'children as property' been so boldly stated."

## Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: WFB
From: JWS

Writing about your latest transatlantic sail in *People* [July 28], you mentioned a kind of joke, popular on board and hailing from London, that consists of providing a witty answer to an innocent-sounding question. Your example was, "What's the name of the oldest living kamikaze pilot?" To which the answer is "Chicken Sukyaki." Lest you lose your rep for being *au centre*, I thought you should be apprised that that particular joke circulated in New York some ten years ago, as part of a craze for jokes consisting of an innocent-sounding answer, to which one is supposed to pro-



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vide an appropriate and witty question. My two favorites in this genre were these:

*The answer is "9W." What is the question?*
The question is, "Do you spell your name with a V, Herr Wagner?"

*The answer is "Dr. Livingston, I presume." What is the question?*
The question is, "And what is your full name, Dr. Presume?"

Maybe you can still dine out on these two in London.

Dear Jeanne: *The answer is: "Quis erat illa domina visa tecum ultima nocte? Illa non erat domina, illa erat mea uxor!"* The question is: "What point in the evolution of humor has WFB arrived at?" WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your lowdown on the Reagan-Ford chess game [Aug. 8] made sense (finally!) out of the recent vindictive babblings of the addled and embattled liberal press. However, the implication in "Tigers in Detroit" that John Quincy Adams was the last former President who "stooped" to serve in Congress is misleading. I have unimpeachable evidence that Andrew Johnson returned to represent Tennessee in the Senate 13 years after leaving the Presidency.

While we freshly graduated history majors (along with everyone else) don't have a ghost's chance of finding employment as long as Billy's brother is around, we do have some pride.

Sincerely,
Robert J. Pushaw Jr.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mr. Pushaw: Billy's brother won't be in the White House in January. On the other hand, the other Billy's brother will be back in the Senate, where he will vote substantially as Tennessee Johnson voted. Cordially,
Billy

■ To the Editor
American Spectator
Bloomington, Indiana

Your reviewer, Mr. Joseph Shattan, writes about me (*Who's on First*, by William F. Buckley Jr.; June, 1980), "The Yale-educated Mr. Oakes is no mere fop. On the contrary, he was trained as a nuclear physicist, he gained renown as a fighter-pilot during World War II, and he reads the geopolitical works of James Burnham for relaxation. Fluent in many tongues and related to—among other luminaries—the Queen of England, the young Oakes is at once effortlessly cosmopolitan and deeply patriotic." Elsewhere, Mr. Shattan advises us that he read Mr. Buckley's book about me in a single sitting. Could that have been the trouble?

You see, I took my degree at Yale in mechanical engineering, not nuclear physics. It is true that I fought in the war and knocked down two Nazi planes, but I took sick, and didn't therefore have the opportunity to gain renown, though I appreciate Mr. Shattan's assumption that, had my health stood up, I'd have shortened the war. It is true that I have read the works of James Burnham, hardly true that I read them "for relaxation." It is more nearly true that they are to be read as realistic substitutes for horror stories. And, then, unhappily, I am not a polyglot. I made a considerable effort in the spring and summer of 1952 to achieve a limited fluency in German. But my French, as Mr. Buckley pointed out, is at the level of *savez-vous-planter-les-choux*. I am mystified at the news that I am related to the Queen of England. It is correct that Mr. Buckley penetrated my penetration, but he never suggested that I am related to the Queen, though perhaps he knows something about me I don't know, not surprisingly since he is a very clever fellow.

Mr. Shattan shouldn't feel too bad, however. The reviewer for the *New York Times*, Newgate Callendar, pronounced me a "devout Catholic," which certainly qualifies him as a sleuth inasmuch as my mother is Episcopalian, my father Presbyterian, and I am somewhere in between. To be sure, I have a great admiration for Catholics, some of whom are among my closest friends; but I am mystified at how this datum was derived from anything Mr. Buckley, a careful writer though given, I think, occasionally, to euphuism, wrote. My regards to Mr. Shattan.

Blackford Oakes
Langley, Va.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You shouldn't be too hard on Billy. All he really needed was a fair sheik.

Sincerely,
Robert W. Whitaker
Falls Church, Va.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

How in the world could you further the bastardization of the English language by permitting the word "Billygate" to appear in your chaste columns? God knows "Koreagate" was bad enough, but now this! Shame on you.

Yours in disillusionment,
Allen D. Howland
Greenville, S.C.

Dear Mr. Howland: If we were to forswear all derivatives, would you be getting your mail, addressed to Green, Carolina? Cordially, —WFB



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# The Current WISDOM

## Anyone For Urdu?

NEAL B. FREEMAN

JUST WHEN you think your flabber has been terminally gasted, those little bureaucratic beavers come forward with yet another so-called solution to yet another so-called problem. Today's problem, says the Department of Education, is that many American schoolchildren do not speak English. The solution, you ask? Something called bilingual education.

If you haven't heard about bilingual education, hang on for a few weeks, you will. It will be reflected in several ways: first in an increased level of rancor at school-board meetings, then in higher taxes, then in broken lives and embittered families, then in national discord, and finally, too late, in a general understanding that the program was fundamentally ill conceived. But we're getting ahead of ourselves . . .

Bilingual education is, on the surface at least, just what it sounds like. It is a program designed to teach basic education subjects such as math, science, and history in the language in which the student is most comfortable. The idea is that the foreign student can keep up with his peers in the standard subjects while he is learning English on the side. When he masters English, he merges with his native-born classmates in an all-English curriculum and lives happily ever after in the dominant culture.

There are so many things wrong with this scheme that even the Department of Education has anticipated a pocket of resistance here and there. It has therefore proposed that the program be made compulsory for every school system in which there are 25 or more students speaking the same native tongue. (The compulsion-stick is that schools that fail to comply with the rule would be denied federal funds.)

If the rule sounds reasonable, consider the practical effects of application. In our own home county of Fairfax, Virginia, based on 1979 student data, the local school system will be obliged to offer bilingual programs in the following languages: Arabic, Cambodian, Chinese, Hindi, Japanese, Korean, Laotian, Persian, Portuguese, Spanish, Thai, Urdu, and Vietnamese. There are world-famous universities, of course, whose linguistic resources do not stretch that far, so let us hasten to concede that Fairfax is not the Peoria of American counties. It has an extraordinarily large population of international business and diplomatic personnel. Elsewhere, in more settled communities, the curriculum changes would be less drastic. Most school systems would have to offer a single course only, usually Spanish. Nationally, however, we are talking about massive numbers and especially about massive numbers of new teachers.

### *Two of Everything*

This brings us to the central question about any bureaucratic scam, *cui bono*? And when we are talking about the Department of Education, Jimmy Carter's election-year gift to the National Education Association, the answer is easily discovered. The principal beneficiary of bilingual education will be the teacher unions; for every course, be it math or music, will now require two teachers, one speaking English, one Spanish. One can extrapolate with confidence to the day not far off when the program will also require two sets of administrative staff. *Then two of everything*. Then three. Then four. Thanks to the new rules issued last month, bilingual education is now a growth industry. According to the *Wall Street Journal* for September 2, "Many schools reopening this week lack enough bilingual teachers to handle the recent influx of Cuban, Vietnamese, and Russian refugees." When demand outraces supply, a price increase is never far behind.

Well, what about those Spanish-speaking, and Urdu-speaking, kids? What are we going to do about them? One incident from a neighbor county, Arlington, is edifying. Arlington has an exceptionally high incidence of foreign-born students, close to 15 per cent, and the county school system had established a bilingual program for Koreans even before federal rules required them to do so. Showing more sense than the bureaucrats, however, the Koreans stayed away in droves, and the program has been cancelled due to "lack of interest." The Korean students, far from trying to create a Little Korea in suburban Washington, are trying to escape from Little Korea and join the greater America that surrounds them. (One can almost hear the Orwellian shoe-drop: attendance at bilingual classes will become mandatory, after which the burning social question will make its way slowly and expensively to the Supreme Court: Just what is a Korean, anyway?)

### *Stride to the Rear*

Perhaps the billions of dollars paid to teachers will be the least expensive part of the bilingual education program. The cost in productive services lost will be virtually incalculable. One of the wellsprings of American progress for two hundred years and more has been the steady infusion of energy and confidence from the freshly assimilated. Our public schools have succeeded more often than not with the traditional prescription—intensive English courses, followed by integration into the general curriculum and the mainstream culture. Bilingual education represents a long stride to the rear, into a society in which the outsider is institutionalized first as a student and then, in the aggregate, as a special interest.

One senses a tragedy in the making when one reads statements from Hispanic groups supporting bilingualism on the grounds that it will "preserve the heritage" of Spanish-speaking students. There are many tasks with which our public schools can and should be entrusted, but surely this is not one of them. Quite the contrary. If we wish to keep the flame flickering under the melting pot, if we wish to redeem the promise of America, if we wish to avoid our own Quebec, or worse, we must teach our young people the lessons of America in the language of America. □



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# Voting with Their Feet

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

COMMUNIST PARADISES have this peculiarity, that people don't want to live in them. The cliché for this syndrome, handily adapted from Lenin by some gifted journalist in reference to the constant drain from East to West Berlin when the drain was still possible, is "voting with their feet."

I have been looking at the figures, and they make illuminating reading. Starting from now and working back, the picture looks like this.

Afghanistan provides the biggest of the recent migrations. By early August, the number of refugees from this invaded land had topped the million mark. The United Nations can be useful in peripheral activities, and the UN High Commission for Refugees put the figure at 870,000 at the end of May—since when it has gone on growing.

Most of these dispossessed Afghans naturally cross the border into Pakistan, which has problems enough without them. The outward flow, which became a flood after the Soviets moved in, can be precisely dated. It coincided with the KGB-supervised coup of April 1978, which put the first of Moscow's nominees, the late Nur Mohammed Taraki, in power.

## Four Waves

Further east, the human consequences of the Paris Agreements of 1973, and above all of the refusal of Congress to allow the deserted Vietnamese to defend themselves, are still with us. There again, the dating is precise: the flow began in earnest when the Communist forces were closing in on Saigon in March and April 1975. During this agonizing time, some 135,000 South Vietnamese fled for fear of reprisals. Most had been associated with the government that was about to fall.

There was a second exodus, on a smaller scale, between May 1975 and May 1978, when about thirty thousand took to the sea in small boats—the first of the "boat people."

The first wave then, was of people who were afraid because they had been fighting Communism; the second, of people who didn't like Communism when they saw what it was going to be like. Then came a third, and even a fourth wave. The third was ethnic. As relations between the Vietnamese Communists and their one-time Chinese protectors deteriorated, the large Chinese minority in South Vietnam was doubly victimized: by socialist measures which cut off their livelihood by abolishing private trading; and for being Chinese in origin and thus a potential fifth column in the eyes of the new masters.

About a quarter of a million ethnic Chinese were driven across the North Vietnamese border into China. Many others left by boat, running the gauntlet of stormy seas, sharks, and pirates, bound for Southeast Asian destinations. In this third wave, about 60 per cent of those leaving were ethnic Chinese.

When the Chinese and Vietnamese armies were locked in combat, in February-March 1979, it occurred to the Vietnamese authorities that expulsion could be made lucrative. To make sure the right people quit, the authorities confiscated their property. And to make sure of profitable trade, each emigrant was forced to pay about $3,000 in gold for his or her own expulsion. By June that year, more than 54,000 boat people were arriving each month on Southeast Asian coasts, many of them too ill to fend for themselves, and many of the women gang-raped by pirates.

The UN called a meeting in Geneva the following month, and, in response to international pressure, the Vietnamese government agreed to slow down the departures and see that they were "orderly." But they had counted without the sheer distaste of many thousands of their subjects for the Communist way of life. Lately, this fourth and current wave has been running at the rate of ten thousand a month. How many have died of drowning or disease is beyond computing.

All told, about 350,000 Vietnamese are believed to have taken to the sea to escape Communist rule.

In Cambodia, few people initially had the option of fleeing the new Communist regime, which embarked on a policy of mass extermination of those it disliked or merely disapproved of because they happened to be educated. There, too, there was an ethnic problem, in fact, a dual one, for the Khmer Rouge loved neither their Chinese nor their Vietnamese residents.

Between April 1975 and 1979, some 170,000 ethnic Vietnamese returned to the land of their fathers; and some 24,000 ethnic Chinese jumped from the frying pan of Cambodia (Kampuchea) into the fire of Vietnam. In that period, too, about 125,000 Khmers fled, mainly to Thailand: the lucky ones; the others had been butchered. In addition, since the advent of Communism in 1975, about 250,000 Laotians have fled into Thailand, and the best guess is that this means about 10 per cent of the population.

## Where It Started

Nor should we forget the original home of Communism, and the original post-war colonies of the Soviet Union. About 226,000 Soviet Jews were able to leave the USSR between 1970 and 1979, although thousands of others have been refused permission to emigrate, or have been discouraged from so doing by sanctions against those who wish to quit. Another large group of emigrants is the Soviet Germans, about 47,000 of whom had left the USSR in the seven years ending December 31, 1978.

For a complete history, one would have to include the 1.5 million who left Russia when the Bolsheviks took over (a League of Nations figure which strikes me as rather low); more than three million East Germans; and the tens of thousands who left Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1948 and 1968; not forgetting the 800,000 who took refuge in South Vietnam from the North after the Geneva conference of July 1954 that handed North Vietnam to the Communists.

What is puzzling, in the face of these terrifying statistics, is that there are still "intellectuals" in our co-Western countries who would like to destroy "capitalism" and start building Communism all over again. □



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DARTMOUTH

# The MISSION OF A UNIVERSITY

JEFFREY HART

DURING ITS most recent phase, Dartmouth College—substitute the liberal-arts college of your choice—has done useful things, most of them of an operational nature. It has not, however, thought effectively about the substance of a liberal-arts education.

We have instituted coeducation and the Dartmouth Plan. Both of these are on the whole large plusses. But the College has not within living memory given serious consideration to the shape and purpose of the curriculum as a whole. Both students and faculty are aware that something is missing at the core of the entire operation.

The history of academic institutions has a periodic character. An historical cycle in a college or a university begins with an idea, an institutional inspiration, a consensus. Then that consensus becomes routinized. In the course of time, the institution experiences a loss of energy, a sense of fatigue. Those involved begin to forget just what it was they were supposed to be doing. These cycles in higher education seem to last about forty to fifty years, and when a cycle comes to an end the college or university must recover that sense of inspiration and re-invent itself.

American colleges and universities in the beginning were mostly designed to produce Protestant clergymen, and the curriculum was naturally designed to that end. In their next phase, they were supposed to produce statesmen capable of administering a republic, and citizens capable of understanding the requirements of that enterprise. Next, colleges and universities understood that they were to produce businessmen-citizens, and, with the elective system as introduced by President Eliot of Harvard, the curriculum began to shiver with a sense of intellectual uncertainty. Was "customer choice" a satisfactory principle of course selection?

The present phase at Dartmouth, now coming to an end, began after the Second World War. It was symbolized, in its initial and "inspirational" period, by President Dickey's Great Issues course. The title of that course was portentous. The "great issues" were not back there in the classroom; they were not the issues dealt with by Plato, Machiavelli, or Shakespeare. The "great issues" essentially were current events. Innumerable subsequent decisions flowed from that initial direction. What we were really supposed to be concerned about were problems of public policy. It was not difficult to discern behind all this the implicit goal of the Dartmouth curriculum plus all the programs, speeches, guests, honorary-degree recipients, and so forth which were added to it. Dartmouth was supposed to produce, ideally, the federal official; which, indeed, President Dickey had been before coming to Dartmouth. Of course not every graduate could become a bureaucrat. But, at the very least, every graduate would be attuned to the ethos of the bureaucrat. Even if he were a lowly businessman, he was at least supposed to be a Merritt Parkway internationalist, deferential to the federal bureaucrat.

With virtue located in the area of public policy, international peace, race relations, and the like, attention seemed to wander from what the College was actually doing in the classroom. Of course, the Great Issues approach soon failed. Dartmouth seniors grasped, however obscurely, that existence held more than could be found on the first ten pages of the *New York Times*. But no subsequent rationale emerged which would provide some sort of guide for making decisions on what courses should or should not be offered.

DURING its most recent phase, accordingly, the Dartmouth curriculum has grown not in response to any conception of what an educated person ought to be, but in response to various demands. If a member of the faculty proposes a course, and if a decent case can be made for that course on its own terms, then it has a very good chance of being included in the catalogue. If a segment of the community desires some course, and creates a constituency for it, then that course has a very good chance of being included in the catalogue. A few vague requirements for the bachelor's degree remain: freshman composition and a freshman seminar, several courses distributed among the science, social science, and humanities divisions, and a "major." But the majority of students remain puzzled, and rightly so, about the significance of it all.

The next decade at Dartmouth should see a serious effort at curriculum reform. For very good reasons, no doubt, the

*Mr. Hart, a senior editor of* NR, *is a professor of English at Dartmouth.*



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**The majority of students I meet at Dartmouth know where they are in space, but not where they are in time**

nineteenth century Utilitarian and Social Darwinist Herbert Spencer is not now in good repute, but he put the issue as well as anyone ever has. He spoke of the "enormous importance of determining in some rational way what things are really most worth learning." Spencer's answers would not be mine, but he asked the right question.

The majority of students I meet at Dartmouth know where they are in space, but not where they are in time. They live in Hanover, New Hampshire, but they do not know where they came from. They are not aware that they also inhabit Western civilization. They do not know that this civilization had a beginning and went through a series of momentous developments. An old Dartmouth professor of mine memorably defined the "citizen" as the person who, if necessary, could re-found his civilization. In no sense at Dartmouth are we even attempting to nurture citizens in that sense.

The present curriculum has many virtues. It contains brilliant individual courses. But most Dartmouth seniors do not know much more about the civilization of which they are a part than they did as freshmen. "He who is ignorant of what happened before his birth," wrote Cicero, "is always a child."

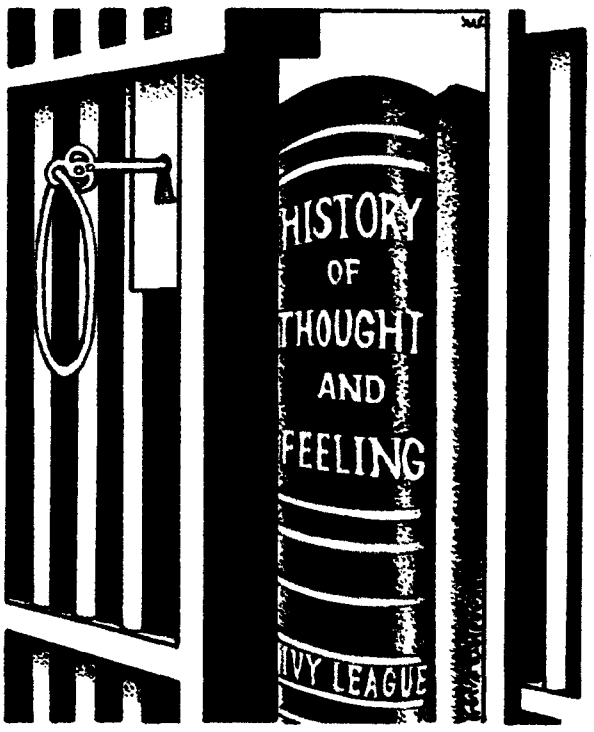
It is actually possible for a Dartmouth student to receive a Bachelor of Arts degree, a degree in the Liberal Arts, without having read Homer, Dante, or Shakespeare. That fact is absolutely astonishing to me. Not only can an excellent case be made for those three writers as the best, perhaps by far, in the history of the West, simply on merit; they also express, and express profoundly, successive epochs of human consciousness. They are both intensely local and universal.

"Poetry, story, and speculation," wrote the late Mark Van Doren, one of my most important teachers and also a friend, "are more than pleasant to encounter; they are indispensable if we would know ourselves as men. To live with Herodotus, Euripides, Aristotle, Lucretius, Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Pascal, Swift, Balzac, Dickens, or Tolstoy– to take only a few names at random, and to add no musicians, painters, or sculptors—is to be wiser than experience can make us in those deep matters that have most closely to do with family, friends, rulers, and whatever gods there be. To live with them is indeed experience of the essential kind, since it takes us beyond the local and the accidental, at the same moment that it lets us know how uniquely valuable a place time can be." Van Doren was himself a master of English prose. It is worth reflecting on the last eight words of his paradoxical phrasing.

Without the great stories and songs and speculations of the West, what Matthew Arnold called the best that has been thought and said, we are emotionally impoverished. We do not know where we are or whence we came. In the eloquent title of a story by Lionel Trilling, we are of this time, of that place, and what does it matter.

For half a dozen years at Columbia College, I taught a course designed by Mark Van Doren and a few kindred spirits during the late 1920s. I had transferred to Columbia from Dartmouth after two years because in 1949, to be frank, nothing much seemed to be going on intellectually in the English Department at Dartmouth. Most of the members of the department then published little more than their names in the Hanover telephone directory. Columbia, from a literary point of view in 1949, was the New York Yankees. They had Van Doren, Lionel Trilling, F. W. Dupee, powerful men, all of them in print all of the time. They encouraged me to finish my undergraduate work at Columbia, and I joyously agreed to do just that.

Graduate work at Columbia, naval service in the Korean War, then back to Columbia. I had scarcely bought a decent set of civilian jackets and slacks before I was asked to jump in and teach the great undergraduate course at Columbia called Humanities I and II. It was a funny situation. I was wandering around in the halls of Columbia trying to get forms signed for the PhD program when the head of the English Department, sweating profusely, accosted me. "Hart," he said, "do you want to teach half-time?" I said yes. It turned out that the Humanities section I was to teach had already met twice . . . without a teacher. It was a Monday, Wednesday, Friday class, and this was Thursday. Tomorrow, I had to teach the *Iliad*, which I had never read.




Nevertheless, the Columbia course, still called Humanities I and II, remains at the center of the curriculum there. It is a tremendous experience, both for the students who take it—all Columbia students do—and for the faculty members who teach it. It creates an intellectual community, even among those who disagree. At least they know what questions they are talking about.

Humanities I and II could also be called, if those names



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> **Even the very least of students had the impression that he had been somehow dealing with very important matters**

are given sufficiently expanded significance, Athens and Jerusalem. Reason and Faith. The drive for universals, and the drive to crystallize the sacred. The great polarities, forced, in major texts, to the extreme.

Humanities I began in the fall term with—traumatic memory of mine—the *Iliad* of Homer. Then it worked its way through Herodotus, Thucydides, the Greek tragic dramatists, Plato, Aristotle, selections from the Old and New Testaments, Lucretius, Vergil, and Dante. The students knew that they had been through something, and so did the staff teaching the course. It was good for both.

For the spring term, Humanities II began with the Renaissance and the Reformation, which absorbed, commented on, and criticized the earlier experience. The readings included Shakespeare, Rabelais, Cervantes, Montaigne, Spinoza, Milton, Molière, Swift, Voltaire, Goethe. Then some modern author, most of the time Dostoyevsky's novel *Crime and Punishment*, but sometimes Melville or Yeats.

As I say, all freshmen took this course. And, of course, all upper classmen had taken it. It accomplished a number of very important things.

Perhaps most important, it made intelligent conversation possible among undergraduates. They actually had interesting things to talk about with one another, an unusual situation, and, as they experienced it, a cheerful and stimulating one.

Moreover, even the very least of students had the impression that he (Columbia was male) had been somehow dealing with very important matters. And he was right.

But for the good students, even for the fair-to-middling students, the course was a revelation. Lines of Dante, of Homer, especially the most concrete, will remain forever. Hector is about to leave Troy and fight Achilles. He will lose and he will die. When he says goodbye to his wife and son, the baby is frightened by the plumes on his father's helmet and begins to cry. A book could be written about that moment: Hector's duty and heroism, his wife's tragedy, Troy's necessity, and the child's cry.

Though to some degree the syllabus in this course had an arbitrary quality—you could have read the *Odyssey* instead of the *Iliad*—there can scarcely be any question about the quality of the works in fact dealt with. They represent, though of course they do not exhaust, the best that can be thought and said. As Samuel Johnson wrote in his great essay on Shakespeare: "To works . . . of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favor." All of the works read in this course had triumphantly passed exactly that test.

Furthermore, the overall narrative of the course, "from Homer to the present," in T. S. Eliot's phrase, contains numerous subplots. Plato comments profoundly on Homer, as do Aristotle, Vergil, and Dante. Classical philosophy and Christian history meet and fuse in St. Augustine. Dante makes a majestic synthesis. Swift reverses the meaning of Rabelais, and in the Enlightenment the spirit of the classical universal is reborn in a new context. No student who has read Lucretius believes that materialism and atheism are new things. "Literature," as Van Doren once wrote, "is a means to something bigger than itself; it makes the world available to us as chance and appetite do not."

The Humanities course at Columbia provided a necessary corrective to the provincialism which seems always on the verge of inundating us. It demonstrated that a powerful history of thought and feeling lies behind the present moment. By providing the students with a common body of knowledge, it liberated them: they had something other than trivia to talk about with one another. It did the same for the faculty, allowing them to transcend in a good way the limits of their professional specialties.

To be sure, a syllabus such as this must be defended from time to time against the charge that it is too "Western." As a matter of fact, the course was so successful at Columbia that such a charge was very seldom made: it would have seemed otiose.

BUT THE charge, nevertheless, can be answered, however impolitely: 1) we belong, after all, to Western civilization, and it therefore seems reasonable to acquaint ourselves with *that* civilization before examining others; and 2) there is, frankly, the matter of quality—a touchy point, I know. The non-Western world has done some interesting things in the lyric and the narrative, and in some instances it has rich traditions of religious meditation. But there does not appear to be any non-Western equivalent—aesthetically or intellectually—of, say, Dante or Beethoven. There is no African or Asian Shakespeare or Mozart. And certainly nothing comparable to the Western tradition in systematic philosophy. If a Chinese—the most impressive of non-Western cultures—wants to be a philosopher, Confucius and Lao-tse do not take him very far. He must engage Hume, Kant, Wittgenstein. There are very good reasons why this is so, having to do with the creative tension between Athens and Jerusalem, which persists in the Western tradition.

Both Princeton and Dartmouth, among others, have established pilot programs in the Humanities, several sections in which students read a series of works along the lines described here. At Princeton the program has been immensely successful, and it will predictably be so at Dartmouth.

I believe that we should move with prudent speed to make such a course an important component of the liberal education of every Dartmouth student. For various reasons, our curriculum has become fragmented. It lacks narrative content. The parts are greater than the whole. It sometimes seems to have a weightless quality. The students taking This and That 14 and Victim Studies 12 are well aware that they are being had. Is it not time that we got serious about the design and purpose of undergraduate liberal arts education? □



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# Hurry up!

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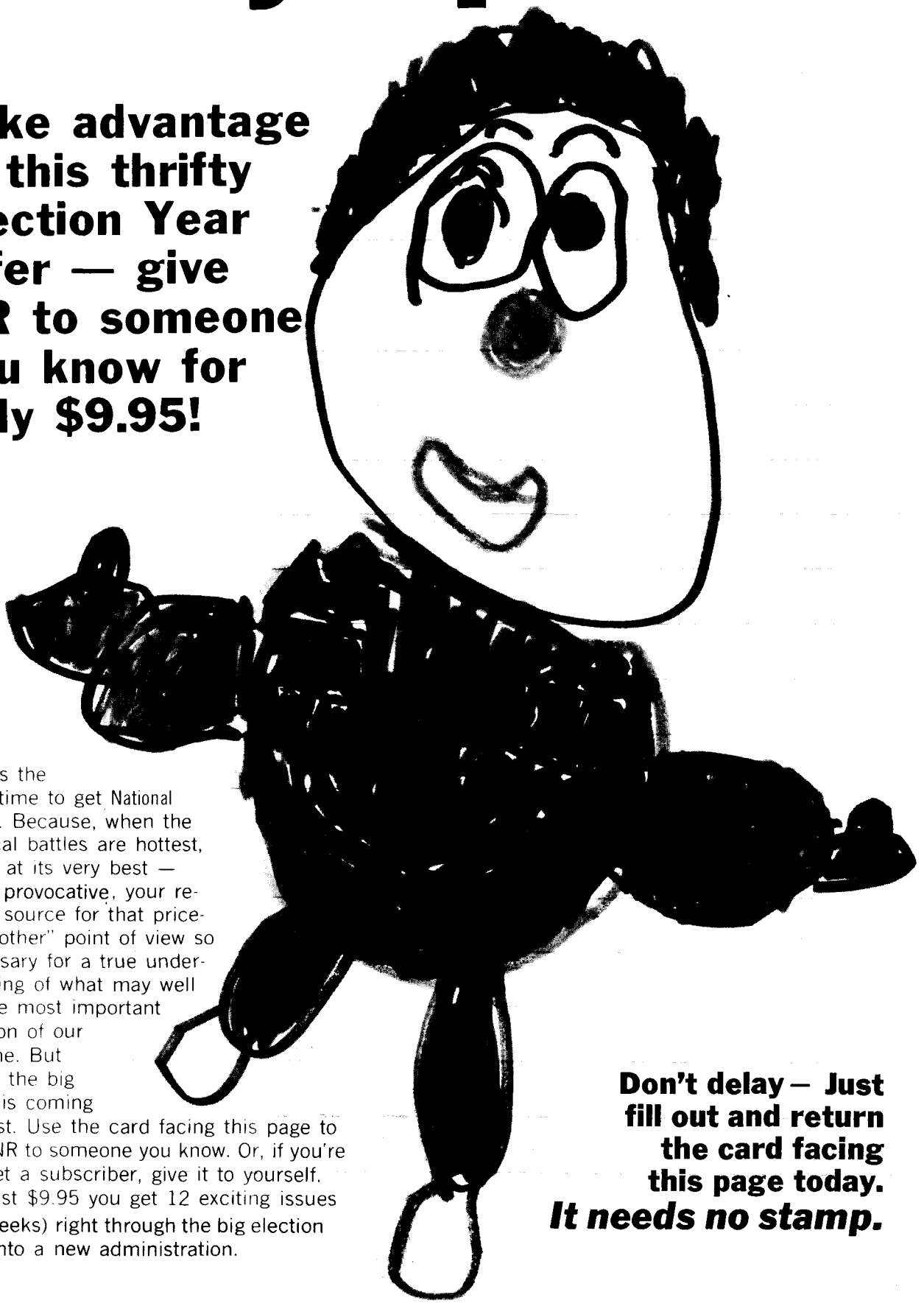

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COVER STORY

# The Academy

# Getting God Out of Princeton

PHILIP F. LAWLER

At Princeton University, possibly America's most beautiful college campus, the buildings themselves speak volumes. A perceptive visitor can see that school's rich traditions neatly summarized in the architecture. First there is the University Chapel, a majestic structure patterned after the chapel of Kings College, Cambridge, dominating the central campus. A few doors down is Nassau Hall, Princeton's oldest structure and once the nation's temporary Capitol, now the school's administrative headquarters. Behind it stand the stately Neoclassical twins, Whig and Clio Halls, where the country's oldest undergraduate debating societies met in buildings constructed entirely by student funds. Just a few minutes away is Prospect Street, where the undergraduate eating clubs—again financed exclusively by students—conjure up images of F. Scott Fitzgerald and brisk male camaraderie. There is Old Princeton in a nutshell: a historic institution with a strong Christian identification; a school where undergraduate gentlemen made their own provisions for an active social life.

But that was the Old Princeton. Since the days of Fitzgerald and Woodrow Wilson, Nassau Hall has seen coeducation, the campus revolt, the demise of Princeton's traditional football dynasty, and the consequent rise of a powerful conservative group known as the Concerned Alumni of Princeton. Like all other prestigious schools, Princeton has suffered from increasing competition, rising costs, and rampant egalitarian sentiment. The New Princeton, born in the last decade, is more homogenous, less distinctive. And during the coming academic year, while Concerned Alumni fret, bulwarks of the old tradition will be under siege. The college's administration is planning to reform the University Chapel.

## Witherspoon to Goheen

Princeton, like Harvard and Yale before it, was established as a religious school—almost a seminary. But unlike Harvard and Yale, Princeton kept its religious identity very much intact even into the twentieth century. In 1928, when the University Chapel was built (the previous chapel having been destroyed by fire), a faculty committee refused to okay the architect's plans until he had included a prominent bas-relief that depicts Christ the King, sitting in triumph to rule over the campus. From Reverend John Witherspoon (who signed the Declaration of Independence) to Robert Goheen (currently U.S. Ambassador to India), every Princeton president was either an ordained Presbyterian minister or a minister's son. And the Dean of the Chapel was a fully vested member of the administrative hierachy, with the same powers as any other dean.

All that began to change when William Bowen became president in 1972. Bowen has no discernible religious affiliation, nor does he attend the regular Sunday Chapel services. The Chapel Dean retained his titular authority, but administrative guides downplayed his role. (One primer for entering freshmen listed the Dean alongside the Director of Food Services—food for the body; food for the soul.) Official university functions such as Opening Exercises and the Baccalaureate Service, traditionally held in the Chapel, took on a distinctly secular tone. A sickening rash of vandalism and desecration of the Chapel drew virtually no comment from Nassau Hall, although the same administrators waxed apoplectic when drunks ransacked the Gay Alliance of Princeton rooms. Alumni who contributed to the Chapel found their money going to pay for heat and lighting, rather than for the Dean's educational programs.

The man caught in the middle was Dean Ernest Gordon, a Scottish Presbyterian in the mold of John Wither-

**David Brudnoy** *is Deputy Sheriff of Middlesex Country (Massachusetts) and an arts critic and talk-show host on WNAC-TV (CBS) and WHDH Radio. . . .* **Ivan Goldman**, *who covered campus unrest as a reporter for the* Kansas City Star *and* Washington Post, *teaches communications at California State University, Dominguez Hills. . . .* **Philip F. Lawler**, *managing editor of* Policy Review, *is a former editor of* Prospect, *the magazine of the Concerned Alumni of Princeton. He has just completed a book about college education.*



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spoon himself. Having survived a Japanese death camp on the Kwai River during World War II, Gordon lost his fear of death—and, more to the point, his fear of academic infighting. As the years passed, and the influence of secular thought grew stronger, he became increasingly outspoken in his defense of the university's religious heritage; someone, he insisted, must "claim the campus for Christ." In attacking secular humanism, Dean Gordon could not avoid attacking the leading exponent of that ideology, President Bowen himself. In one memorable talk, Gordon compared the paltry humanism of a Bowen speech with the spiritual power of Solzhenitsyn's Harvard address. The contrast, to put it mildly, did not flatter Princeton's president. Relations between the two men continued to be proper, but no more than that. Gordon kept to his own business; Bowen left him alone.

## Bowen's Opportunity

Inevitably, President Bowen had the last word. After 25 years of service as Princeton's senior dean, Gordon reached retirement age. And Bowen pounced on the opportunity. His first step was to empanel a committee to study the proper role of the Chapel Dean—as if Gordon, in his quarter-century of ministry, had not already defined that role. Next the university's denominational chaplains were asked for their opinions; Gordon himself was not sought out. Finally, the president solicited ideas from students and professors outside the Chapel precincts, including miscellaneous agnostics, as to how the Chapel might serve their individual spiritual needs. Thus Bowen's committee pondered the possiblility that one university official should care for the spiritual wants of all students, regardless of the variety (and incompatibility) of those assorted needs.

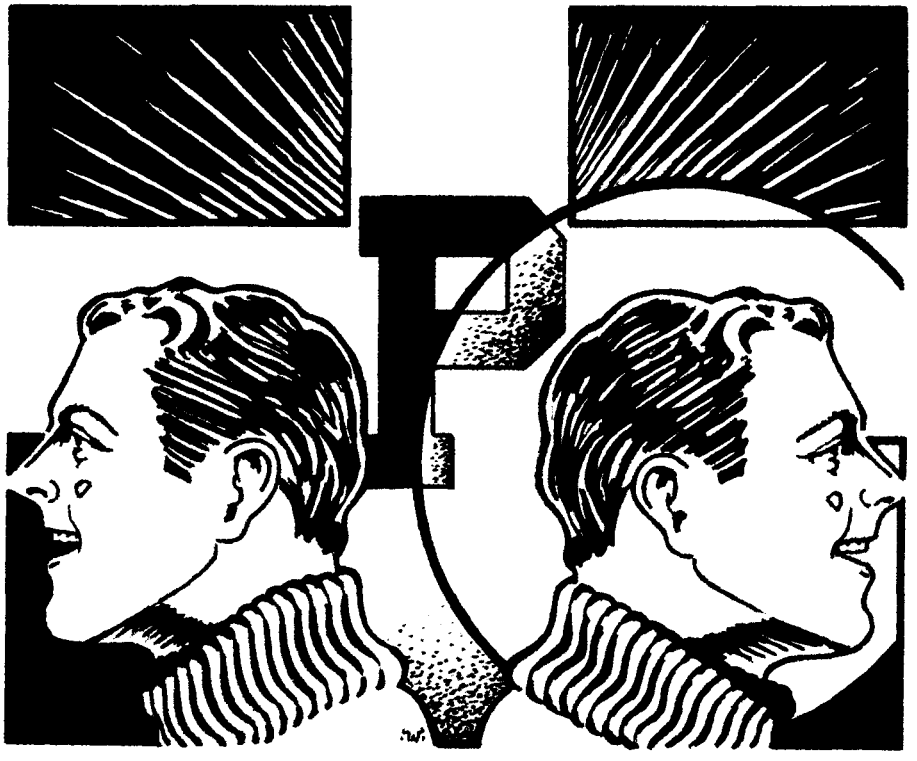
The strategy was (pardon the expression) devilishly effective. At Princeton, as at most universities, practicing Christians are a distinct minority—missionary territory, Dean Gordon called it—and so the Chapel was indicted for ignoring the needs of the majority. The President's committee included a healthy admixture of those majority interests. One committee member, a militant feminist and evidently an atheist, drew laughs at a consciousness-raising session by merely mentioning that the Chapel advisory board was meeting at the same time (and she, of course, was skipping that meeting). As for the denominational chaplains, their ideological bent favored Bowen heavily in any conflict with Gordon. The Reverend Dr. William Kirby, the Methodist chaplain, doubles as a sex therapist who insists that "Gay is good." The Reverend John Walsh, the Southern Baptist chaplain, recently returned from Iran, where he accompanied Ramsey Clark in apologizing for America's sins. The remaining chaplains, while certainly less liberal on political and theological issues, are understandably jealous of their own prerogatives. Since the Dean had been their overseer, they would naturally cooperate in any effort to decrease his power.

As the debate developed, two questions merged as pivotal. First, would the new Dean of the Chapel be an ordained Christian minister? The mere physical presence of the Chapel itself, redolent of Christian belief, would have seemed a sufficient answer. Yet a vocal minority insisted that the new Dean should address the spiritual needs of all the students equally. Second, would the new Dean be the official representative of Princeton (as he always had been), or an administrator serving alongside the other chaplains as a sort of *primus inter pares*? The latter course was attractive to the denominational chaplains and the various non-Christians who squirmed at Dean Gordon's sermons. Of course, few non-Christians ever attended the Sunday services, but then the Bowen committee was investigating a presumably larger issue.

## Separate and Different

Finally the dispute reached the university's trustees. And they, like most university trustees, compromised. The new Dean would indeed be a Christian minister, and the Sunday services would continue. But the trustee committee emphasized the religious pluralism of the new Princeton; their report clearly stated that Princeton could no longer be considered an avowedly Christian university. And to placate non-believers, the trustees recommended that Sunday services be distinguished very clearly from other university functions held in the Chapel. One trustee, an evangelical Christian, refused to sign the report.

Perhaps it is all a tempest in a teapot. But once Princeton was pledged to the service of Christianity. The university's motto is *Dei sub numine viget*, and many alumni take it literally: By God's grace the school has flourished. How will it fare under Mammon? ⟶





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# help !!!!

## See Ya Later, Regulator

To give his image needed lift
(Refuting charges it's adrift)
Carter gave the lads a shaft:
Registration—then a draft?

Adrift? A draft? Not much improvement
From Jimmy's latest vowel movement.

—JACK KIRWAN

ANYHOW... THE POINT I WAS TRYING TO MAKE BEFORE I WAS SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED!...
FREE ENTERPRISE
WINDFALL PROFITS TAX
©The Dallas Morning News/Field Syndicate '80.

Gurbutt, *England* Rothco

*"I'm worried it might be: Workers out—Russians in."*

Mahood, *Punch* Rothco

*"If it hadn't been for all that damn health food, I could have been up here years ago."*



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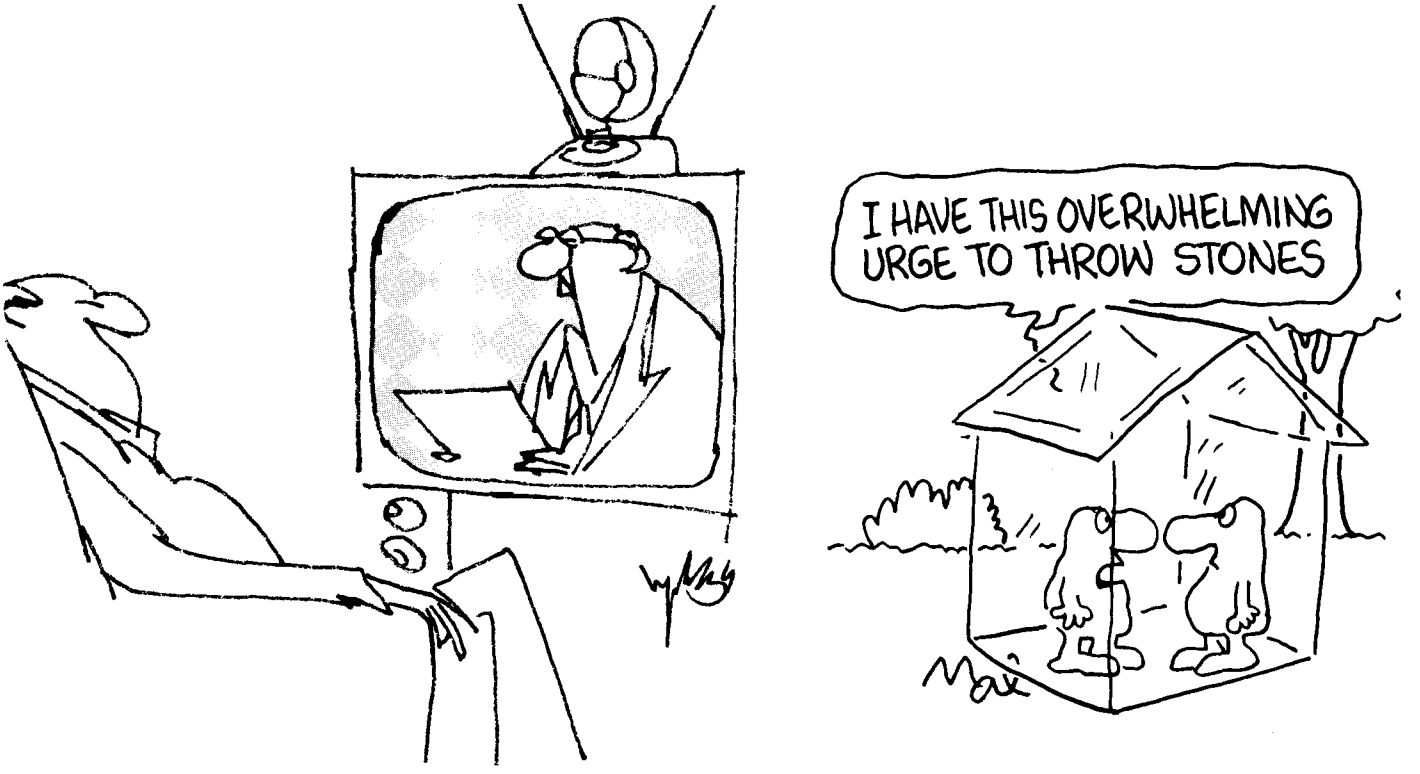


*"Marvelous Motors is recalling its '78 subcompacts because of a mechanical defect which could cause them to develop an inferiority complex. . ."*

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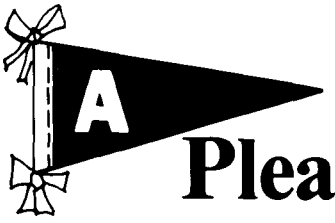
The answer will not come immediately. Dean Gordon is taking a final sabbatical before his retirement, and President Bowen will be using that time with care, maneuvering to circumscribe the power of the new Dean. Gordon's successor, an Episcopal minister named Frederick Bosch, will bring an impressive chain of credentials to a very tenuous office. □




# Please or Perish

IVAN GOLDMAN

THE TRUSTEES of the California State University and Colleges system can't decide whether to throw yet another lead lifesaver to sinking educational standards: inclusion of students on personnel committees that evaluate faculty for promotion and tenure.

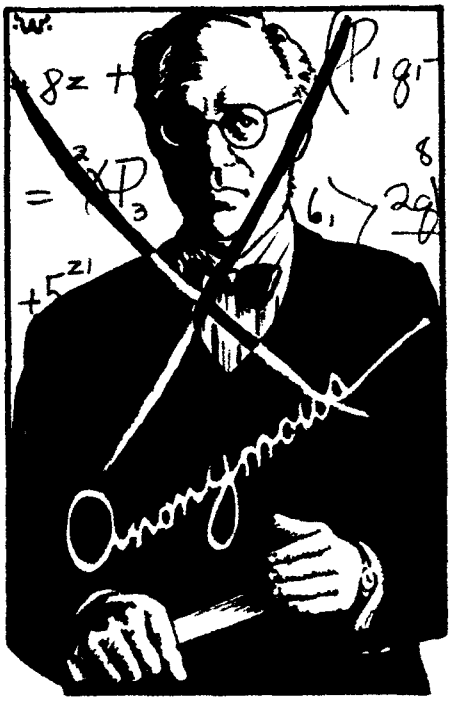
The trustees recently voted to do just that, and then in a surprise move reversed themselves by a vote of ten to nine. But students in the 19-campus system promise to renew their lobbying efforts, and passage of the measure may yet prevail, as it has at so many other institutions.

The mass media in California were attracted to the issue momentarily, then moved on to other stories without ever stopping to discover that, unbeknownst to them and the general public, they had been covering a moot point anyway. For the California system already has conformed in a more substantive way to the nationwide trend of taking power from the faculty and handing it to the students. It's all done in the name of democracy, and protesting professors are pictured as antiquated absolutists sneering at the light of progress. Students are consumers of education, right? So why not let them run the store?

Back in the Sixties, students began paying particular attention to the structure of their universities and colleges. The buzz words they used then were "participatory democracy." And though most of us took more notice of the students' demonstrations against the war, I think one could safely argue that their gains within the campus community had a more profound effect on our society. What the students won from frightened administrators was the right to evaluate instructors through the use of systematic, anonymous reports. They fill out forms and route them straight to the personnel committees weighing faculty tenure and promotion.

Journalists, police, and others who must deal on a regular basis with anonymous tipsters know from experience that such subterranean information is rarely worthwhile, tangled as it usually is in a net of distorted rumor or outright fabrication. The unsigned letter, the anonymous phone call, can occasionally lead to truth, but no good policeman or reporter would think of accepting them without verification.

Yet academia has incorporated the anonymous source as an integral part of faculty review. There is essentially




no system of verification, and the unsigned student evaluations become, by default, the only programmatic gauge of teaching effectiveness.

The outcome is that educational standards have gone to hell. The new system of anonymous evaluations wasn't the sole cause. It coincided in time with a drop in enrollment (caused by a declining birth rate) and the end of the draft (which eliminated the search for student deferments).

With smaller enrollments, universities and colleges began having trouble justifying the size of their faculty rosters. Meanwhile, fresh PhD graduates jockeyed for dwindling numbers of positions. In the last five years alone, more than 125,000 new PhDs have graduated for whom no jobs exist. By 1985 that figure is expected to reach almost four hundred thousand.

## Standards and Grades

Those who have found jobs learned that if they tried to maintain the level of academic standards they had been held to in their own undergraduate days, the students blew them away on the new evaluation forms. With stagflation afflicting the job market, students demanded not standards, but grades—good grades they could wave at potential employers.

Students know that a professor who does not get tenure after six years is automatically fired. Committees awarding tenure and promotion now lean heavily on the student evaluations. The senior professors who make up the committees know that tough standards drive students elsewhere. And if enrollment shrinks, the losing institutions and departments must give up office space, secretaries, travel funds, all the perquisites gained from decades of empire-building.

So in the past several years in the academic world, the publish-or-perish syndrome has given way to the mellower please-or-perish. Make those students happy or pack your attaché case. I've spoken candidly with students about this, and they recognize what's happening to the quality of their education—but still they demand more power.

What potentiality for revenge! If the prof gives you a poor grade, you give him a worse one. Best of all, you can



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appeal your grade to an oversight committee, but the prof is stuck with his. And evaluations are unsigned, so he has no right to face his accusers.

And all this has a ripple effect. Students earning inflated credits and grades become elementary- and high-school teachers, infecting new generations of students with their vacuous standards. College Board scores plummet, and colleges and universities in search of bodies react by lowering admission standards.

It wasn't so many years ago that state universities provided non-credit remedial courses for students with low scores on entrance exams. This was a fair way to give poor high-school students the necessary preparation for higher education.

But remedial courses have practically disappeared. Students don't want to waste their time in non-credit classes, and if you try to force them to, they take their business elsewhere. So demanding students who lack the academic wherewithal enroll in college-level courses, dragging the curriculum down to a basic skills level. An increasing number of students almost never read, have no interest even in their majors beyond a vague, storybook longing to attain career standing without ever mastering the work involved in the field.

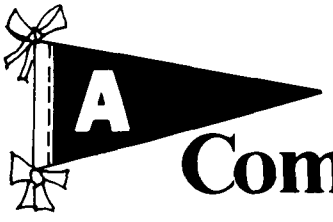
Are professors inflating grades to ensure personal survival? Of course they are. I hear admissions of this sort constantly from instructors in a variety of disciplines and institutions. Whether students do or do not sit on personnel committees, the ghosts of their consumptive deeds are there anyway.

Of course there are still good students. Some excel despite obstacles placed before them by the very institutions supposed to be helping them. And a few schools like Harvard have the resources to buck the trend and demand performance.

When I was a student I probably would have thought student power a pretty good idea. But it's not working. Classroom work demands more discipline and less democracy. If institutions of higher learning would allow enrollments to decrease sufficiently to embrace only serious students and throw out the day-trippers, then we students and faculty could do our jobs. But that just isn't happening.

Student evaluations might be taken seriously as judgments of teaching ability if they were signed. Even so, they should be looked upon by committees as just a single measurement of overall teaching performance, not the sole appraisal.

Essentially, the California trustees and their counterparts around the country are flirting with fashionable ideas which don't work. This enables them to look virtuous while sidestepping the very real problems at hand. □




# Comstock Lives

DAVID BRUDNOY

I KNOW I'll have trouble here with the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, but let me say it my way, and you can retaliate later . . .

"Pious Fudge": That was Mencken's description of the mewlings of those who hold to the "theory that the enforcement of chastity by a huge force of spies, stool pigeons, and police would convert the Republic into a nation of moral aesthetes." If the ideas of these "Puritan mullahs," as everybody's favorite curmudgeon put them down in the *Smart Set* (May, 1919), were "actually sound, then the great artists of the world would come from the ranks of the hermetically repressed, i.e., from the ranks of old maids, male and female. But the truth is, as everyone knows, that the great artists of the world are never Puritans, and seldom even ordinarily respectable. No moral man—that is, moral in the YMCA sense—has ever painted a picture worth looking at, or written a symphony worth hearing, or a book worth reading, and it is highly improbable that the thing has ever been done by a virtuous woman."

Which is not to say, homages to the Baltimore sage aside, that the fabricators of *Deep Throat* and *Caligula* are great artists or that their works are aesthetically notable. Both, however, are of enormous historical interest—the history of trash culture as well as the history of latter-day censorship—and both have raised more fuss than they are worth, here in the land of the bean and the cod; or, rather, a mighty ruckus has been raised concerning both movies. "Banned in Boston" came back into vogue, in one case, at Harvard University, for a brief and passing moment; in the other case, in Boston itself, for a little judicial and media drama the final result of which has been, predictably, the enormous enhancement of the economic well-being of a purveyor of lousy film.

## XXX-Rated

We have had a delicious summer at the movies hereabouts, what with the prompt critical sinking of *Raise the Titanic*, what with a little hoopla attendant upon the opening of an unfunny comedy called *Wholly Moses!*, what with the sudden and quite unexpected success of *Blue Lagoon*, a movie so revoltingly moony that it could set back the cause of gorgeous teenage nudie-romp love on screen for years. But nothing has so inspired the attentions of an otherwise lethargic media, nor exercised the futile endeavors of the legal authorities, more than the would-be one-night-stand at Mother Harvard of the best known XXX-rated movie of the 1970s, *Deep Throat*, and the trial and eventual exoneration of Mr. Bob Guccione's $17-million atrocity of dismemberment and repetitive orgifying, *Caligula*, the latter an item so hideous that Mr. Gore Vidal, who was hired to write the screenplay, fled from it in disgust and demanded that his name be severed (no pun intended) from the resulting mess.

In both instances everybody behaved shamelessly, save only the civil libertarians, who, to their credit, stand up for the rights of Nazis to offend non-Nazis as they stand up for the right of those who like such things ("dirty" movies) to waste money in order to see them. The



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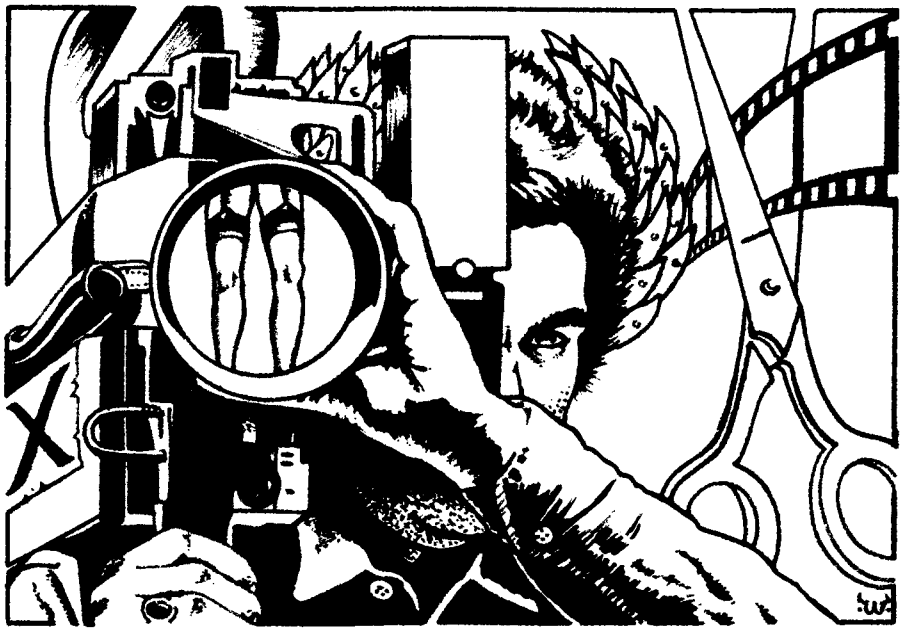

heroes of this case are Professor Alan Dershowitz of the Harvard Law School, who saved two Harvard lads from the polizei, and Mr. William Homans, Esq., who, with a battery of colleagues, helped insure that next Rolls Royce for Bob Guccione.

*Deep Throat*, the movie that made Linda Lovelace a household yuk-yuk word and fellatio the talk of the town, is revered by devotees of the landmark film. More, even, than *I Am Curious, Yellow*, another *cause célèbre* of our time, *Deep Throat* made all America aware of the existence of what the Puritans of our day insist on calling "pornography." It had its shot at audiences a decade ago, it lingered still here and there, but it was yesterday's news—until, that is, it came or almost came to Harvard.

## DA to the Rescue

Two Quincy House seniors, Carl Stork and Nathan Hagen, decided in May to raise a little money for some worthy cause by renting the film, charging admission to it (bright boys, Carl and Nate), and—would you believe?—showing it. Evidently three women, as yet unidentified, called the venerable District Attorney of Middlesex County, octogenarian John Droney, and bitched. Mr. Droney, who has been DA since Cotton Mather's time, needed no prodding; he is an upstanding upholder of community standards, and he charged in; that is, he sent his lackeys to Quincy House and seized the film and moved to press charges against Messrs. Stork and Hagen.

Within hours after *Deep Throat* was yanked from Quincy House, Judge Charles R. Alberti viewed it and found it not obscene. DA Droney pressed on, insisting that he "always indicts in such cases where organized crime is involved." Not that the organized criminals, whoever they might be, really entered into the case, which came finally, in mid-July, before Judge Thomas R. Morse Jr., who agreed to drop the charges if the defense would give him the name of the supplier (plainly marked on the can of film). Judge Morse dismissed the charges with prejudice, "which is the equivalent of a not-guilty verdict." Score one for Dershowitz.

*Caligula* opened in Boston in mid-June, lasted four days, and then was seized by the Boston cops, lifting (or lowering) Boston to the status of the only city in America where this depressing film has been bothered by the authorities. Even though Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti had, at the time he permitted the film to enter the country, previously ruled that *Caligula* was not obscene—a ruling that Morality in Media, the major Comstock group still in operation, has now determined to get President Carter to overturn—the Boston authorities charged the movie with "obscenity" and pressed on to a court case.

Six weeks later—a replay of the *Deep Throat* decision, although this time the *deus ex machina* was the movie's alleged "historical" significance. You see, somewhere meandering 'twixt the beheadings, castrations, disembowelings, sodomizings, and other frolics, there is a lesson to be learned about the short, wretched reign of one of the worst of the 12 Caesars (37-41 A.D., if you're keeping score). Mr. Homans scored with the judge by producing a witness who slid around the usual ground of argument and informed a breathless Boston that if you looked real close you could, honest, find historical worth. End of the *Caligula* story, except that it's now back in a snazzy theater and drawing 'em in like flies to honey, at six bucks a throw.

So what's the lesson? How ya gonna keep 'em down with Disney after they have seen hard core? Not quite. The lesson is simply that X number of Americans want to see this crap and *will* see it, and all the moralists do by trying to censor it is to glorify it. Benign neglect would have made quick hash of *Caligula*, and one night of *Deep Throat* at Quincy House won't corrupt the Harvards. No such luck. The censors bellowed, and Boston got two hefty bellylaughs for their pains. □

## Glorobots

A robot was just as inane
As men in misjudging a jane:
  He cared not a pin
  For the virtues within,
But peripherals drove him insane.

An air-traffic robot named Spiegel
Brought down an American eagle,
  A perfectly darling
  Little brown starling,
And Jonathan Livingston Seagull.

A robot who cleaned up a flat
Was perfectly programmed for that,
  And washed every dish
  That a lady might wish—
But vacuumed up poodle and cat.

—G. A. Maxson



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THE CHALLENGE

*The events in Poland are more significant than the Prague Spring. Not only did the strikers undermine Party authority, they also showed workers in other Communist countries that concessions can be won from below*

# Poland's Smoking Gun

LEOPOLD LABEDZ

THE REPLACEMENT of Edward Gierek by Stanislaw Kania as the Communist Party leader is a clear indication that the victory of the Polish workers, solemnly underwritten by the Party and the government, is only the beginning of a chapter, not an end of it.

Not long ago a transcript of the plenary session of the Gdansk Voivodship Party Committee fell into the hands of the strikers. Mr. Kania addressed it on August 18, when Mr. Gierek was still the leader. His words were in striking contrast to those he used on assuming power and leave no doubt about his attitude:

> Today our dominant emotions are fear and bitterness. One reflects that the leading enterprises are not working. What is happening in the "Paris Commune" shipyard is difficult to imagine. Our alliances, our Party, our governmental policies are being attacked at the meetings. Demands are being made to purge the shipyards of all Party members. One cannot help calling it a counter-revolution! The slogan demanding release of political prisoners has become fashionable. There are no political prisoners in Poland! What is happening now goes beyond any tolerable limits.
>
> Yet it would be wrong to see in all this just counterrevolutionary activity. The present situation has come about not only because of the terrorist methods, but also because they were given the support of hundreds of shipyard workers.
>
> This is why we have initiated the negotiations. We will go further in this direction in order to isolate the adventuresome troublemakers . . .

The new leader will undoubtedly be more to the Soviet taste and provide a greater hope for Mr. Brezhnev that the concessions granted by Mr. Gierek would be gradually emasculated without the need for Soviet military intervention. Obviously this prospect depends on the degree of resistance which the Polish workers and the population in general will be able to muster so as to establish independent trade unions all over the country on a permanent basis. In this they are facing formidable obstacles, but they proceed on a large scale. The resolution and the discipline shown by them so far and the maturity of the political strategy displayed by them in the negotiations are a sign that the task of the new leader will not be an easy one, even with the Soviet threat hanging like a Damoclean sword over the country. Mr. Kania will therefore have to try to do it by installments: a sudden and complete turnabout will only provoke a continuation of strikes and a possible explosion which in turn may lead to a direct Soviet intervention.

In 1863 the Poles rose against Russian imperial despotism. The West European workers demonstrated in support of the Polish cause and this led to the foundation of the First International. At that time Marx and Engels had no difficulty in rallying the British Trades Union movement behind the Polish freedom fighters.

In 1980 the Polish workers struck against the totalitarian state in which the Communist Party claims to rule in the name of the working class. The concessions they won implicitly acknowledge that they have interests which are different from those of the state which the Communist Party manages on their behalf. This of course touches on the core of legitimacy not only of the Party in Poland, but of all the ruling Communist parties and their monopoly of power.

It is not surprising that the Soviet *Pravda* denounced the strikers as being manipulated by "counter-revolutionaries" and indirectly criticized Gierek by reporting the remarks of Gus Hall, leader of the American Communist Party, about the "weak leadership" of the Polish Communist Party. Whether this presages yet another invasion in the name of "proletarian internationalism," or whether Moscow's angry outbursts are aiming at the reversal of the concessions promised to the workers by the feeble Polish comrades with a campaign of threats and intimidation rather than fraternal tanks is a matter for conjecture. But it is clear that the Polish events transcend the internal Polish scene and affect the future of other Communist countries in Eastern Europe and, indeed, of the Soviet empire itself.

The potential implications of the Polish developments are greater than those of the Prague Spring. In Czechoslovakia it was the Communist Party itself which promised reforms and democratization. Its moving spirit was the intelligentsia rather than the workers. The effectiveness of its example for other Communist countries depended on the presence of reformist Communist leaders and of a democratic tradition in these countries. Even in their absence the threat was great enough for the Soviet leaders to use military means to prevent the infection. The Polish events are even more ominous

*Mr. Labedz is the editor of* Survey *(133 Oxford Street, London W1R 1TD), the two latest issues of which are devoted to Poland.*



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from their point of view. This time the developments not only undermine the Party authority but also create a demonstration effect for the workers in other Communist countries, that concessions can be won from below. The Polish "historic compromise" offers a dangerous lesson in countries of the Soviet bloc, where political traditions may be different in each case but where workers generally have similar grievances against their self-appointed historical spokesmen.

The new methods of resistance to the totalitarian state which emerge from Poland are, however, not just a question of the spontaneous revolt of workers, important as this element has been. All the recent waves of strikes in Poland—in 1970, 1976 and 1980—were triggered by the government's decision to raise food prices. Yet the forms of struggle, the degree of discipline, the level of consciousness of the workers, their organizational maturity and strategic skills were imcomparably greater now than on the previous occasions. They had absorbed the lessons of past failures and of earlier broken promises. They realized the importance of communication and publicity. In this they were supported by the members of the Polish opposition which over the last five years has developed a network of publications and forged links with the workers. As one of the Gdansk shipyard workers said when they pressed the government for the release of the arrested dissidents from the Committee for Social Self-Defense (KOR) and other oppositional organizations:

> KOR dragged us workers out of prison in 1976, helped us all the time and taught us how to get organized. We all remember this. It is impossible that our problems are settled without making them free. They defended us, and now we are defending them.

The long-term political perspective of the Polish opposition is based on an analysis of the nature of the totalitarian system. It implies forms of resistance and a strategy which Jacek Kuron, one of the leaders of KOR, summarizes thus:

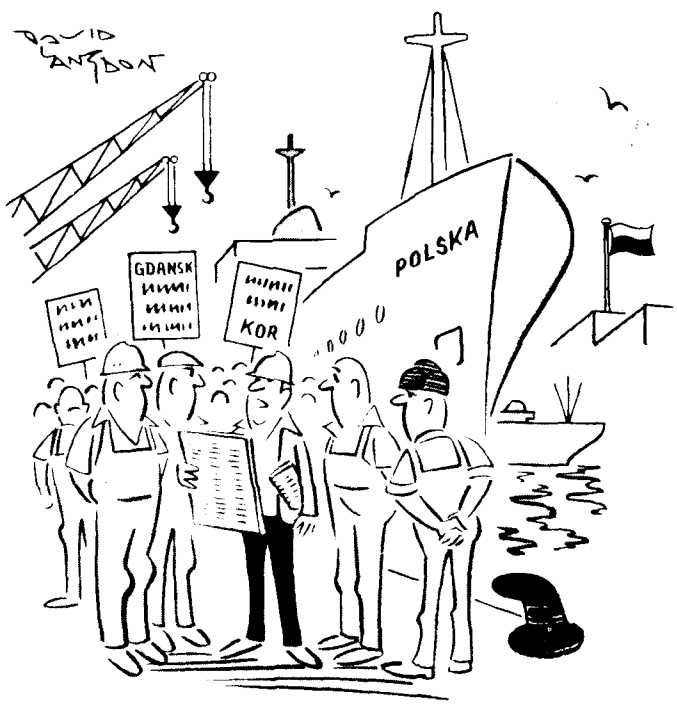
> We consider that the expropriation of society from its right to organize itself and the resulting social atomization and destruction of social ties are the fundamental characteristics of a totalitarian system. Therefore the essential element of all actions for democracy must be a social self-organization, i.e. the creation of self-governing bodies, independent of the state, which will gather the majority or at least a good part of our society.
>
> Democracy and independence are clearly the goals and aspirations of the Poles. But such a program cannot be realized directly; for the time being we all have to live in a totalitarian system. Under these conditions, the democratic movement would acquire a mass character only if people's aspirations are realized already here and now, inside this system . . . [through] self-organization of social groups and social bodies for the defense of their interests. The question arises why the authorities should tolerate such independent social action . . . [and] why society tolerates the authorities who have no social basis. This question is of course about the Soviet Union and its tanks . . . From the situation in which we find ourselves now to one in which Moscow will decide to intervene militarily there is some distance. And its length depends on the difficulties caused to the Soviet Union by the captive nations and by the enslaved Russians themselves, on the economic dependence on the West, and on the Chinese threat. All these factors are interlinked and are influenced also by our activity.

*The steps taken by the Soviet Union to prevent the seepage of information about the Polish strikes is sufficient indication that the Soviets take them seriously*

The specific background of the Polish workers' revolt, both immediate and historical is obviously not present in other Communist countries. The Polish lessons can, however, eventually influence the scene there. What are the chances that they will be absorbed, even if not in the near future? On his release from prison Kuron said:

> We must work to increase the area of freedom and to diminish the area of totalitarianism but not to exceed the limits set by Soviet tanks. The Soviet tanks will gradually roll back as the organization gradually develops in other countries of the Soviet empire. But this is a question for the day after tomorrow.

The steps taken by the Soviet Union to prevent the seepage of information about the Polish strikes, whether by avoiding any reference to Polish workers' demands and rights officially granted, or by jamming Western radio broadcasts, is sufficient indication that the Soviet authorities take them very seriously. Russia may have an autocratic tradition, but it also has memories of pre-revolutionary workers' movements,




Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

**"Odd how we've the full support of the entire world's right-wing press for strong and free trade unions."**



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of Kronstadt, etc. More recently there were food riots in Novocherask and the strike by truck drivers in the Fiat-Togliatti car factory. And the idea of independent trade unions has already emerged in the Soviet Union as the actions of Borisov and Khlebanov testify. Paradoxically, however, it is not the most hardline Communist states but the most "liberal" who are most open to the Polish virus. The Toqueville dictum that tyranny becomes more vulnerable when it begins to reform itself is very apposite here.

All the East European countries, from the Soviet Union and East Germany to Hungary and Yugoslavia, have shown distinct symptoms of anxiety about the possibility that the Polish example may affect their own workers. Rumania (where the miners' strikes in the Jiu valley were crushed by the army in 1977, and where three thousand workers went on strike last month in the city of Tirgoviste) and Yugoslavia, the two most "anti-Soviet" Communist states, were distinctly cool about the Polish workers' demands, and this was not only because of the fear that the Soviet Union's 1968 performance in Czechoslovakia would be repeated, thereby increasing the threat to their own security. The "class" interest of Communist *apparatchiki* in these countries clashes with their national interests. The silence and the misinformation about the developments in Poland in their press and other media are telling proof that patriotism is not always a dominant factor. The Yugoslav weekly *Min* even reproached the Polish workers for demanding too much.

*It was not only class interest which moved the workers. Soon enough the 'bread and butter' demands were supplemented by institutional and political demands*

Strikes in Yugoslavia are not a crime against the state, but even so the post-Titoist leaders are nervous about too much "workers' self-government" in a country where the grip of the Party has been weakened by the disappearance of the unchallengeable authority of its leader, while the economic situation, although not as bad as in Poland, nevertheless gives plenty of reasons for anxiety in view of heavy unemployment, inflation, and foreign deficit.

The other "soft" Communist country, Hungary, is less worried at the moment about being infected by the Polish virus, but it knows that its economic reform has created a lot of resentment among Hungarian workers facing the new "rational" prices. Ironically, if the Poles follow the Hungarian economic practice, and many of them expressed the hope that Poland would find itself "somewhere between the Hungarian and Yugoslav models," the introduction of the market principle could in the short term add to rather than detract from the Polish workers' grievances.

But at least, if the Soviet tanks do not appear, they can hope that they will be able to defend their own interests rather than submit to the stifling official cant which claims that these are taken care of by the official trade unions, when in fact they were always nothing but—in Lenin's phrase—the "transmission belts" of the Communist Party.

The reasons for the specific discontent of the Polish workers were perhaps best expressed by their saying about the Communist bosses that "*they* pretend that they are paying us a living wage, so *we* pretend that we are working," The hypocrisy of the Communist ideology was ironically encapsulated in a remark by a Gdansk wit who, asked why the Polish working class refused to work hard, replied: "We know from history that the ruling classes never work hard . . ."

But it was not only class interest which moved the Polish workers. Soon enough the "bread-and-butter" demands were supplemented by institutional and political demands. Toward the end of the strikes, the shipyard workers were quoted as saying that they would rather give up their demands for wage increases than their requests for free trade unions, thereby contradicting Lenin's notion that by themselves the workers cannot rise about bread-and-butter issues. In point of fact they reflected the frustrations and discontent of all Poles, whatever their "class" position. As one of the respondents to the survey organized by the study group "Experience and the Future" summed it up:

> So we are faced with sham planning and the sham implementation of plans, and even the overstepping of plan guidelines, sham accomplishments in industry, science, the arts and education, the sham declaration and fulfillment of pledges, sham debates, sham voting and elections, sham concern for social welfare and the appearance of government, sham socialism and social work, sham freedom of choice, sham morality, modernity and progress, the opening of ostensibly completed factories and social facilities with great pomp and circumstance, the sham struggle against wrongdoing and the sham contentment of all citizens, sham freedom of conviction, and sham justice. The playing of this game of appearance for appearance's sake has become so widespread that no one —not even the highest levels of government—can distinguish any longer between what is real and what is unreal.

The Polish strikes became the cry of the whole nation in a situation where most people initially believed that "radical change in the way the socialist system functions is absolutely necessary and at the same time utterly impossible."

Even if the concessions won by the Polish workers are going to be gradually eroded or even extinguished by more drastic means, it is unlikely that their long-term effect will be altogether lost. They can be seen as one of the important stages in the undermining of the Communist totalitarian state and of Soviet imperial domination in Eastern Europe, in the refusal to accept the system and its legitimacy. This process has been going on for a long time. It was marked by the workers' uprising of June 17, 1953 in East Berlin, the "Polish October" of 1956, the Hungarian revolution of the same year, the Prague Spring of 1968 and the activities of the dissidents in all the Communist countries including the Soviet Union. They may be temporarily crushed, but like the Phoenix they arise in search of freedom.

In 1945 Stalin asked "How many divisions does the Pope

(Continues on page 1217)



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CARTER'S JUDGES

*Under the guise of taking politics out of appointments to the federal judiciary, Jimmy Carter's new system has served to promote the best interests of liberalism, consumerism, and 'public-interest' groups*

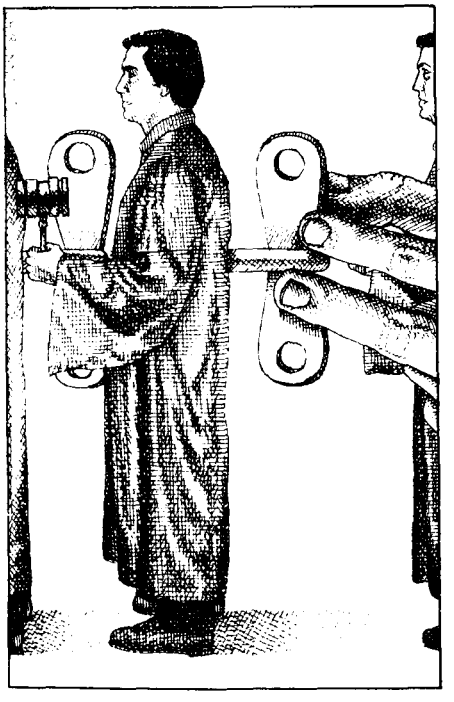
# The Politics of Merit Selection

ALFRED S. REGNERY

If Jimmy Carter is defeated in November, he will become the only American President who, after serving an entire term, was denied the honor of appointing a Supreme Court Justice. Nevertheless, he is deep in the process of reshaping the federal courts. Ironically, while Carter's legislative successes have been at best meager, the effects of his appointments to the federal judiciary will be felt by our institutions and the public long after the legislative victories of the Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, and Ford Administrations have been forgotten.

Federal judges, as a group, probably have more to say about the future of the United States than do both houses of Congress. Each judge is appointed for life and serves without having to face re-election, is accountable to nobody, and has, if he wants to exercise it, implicit authority to interpret and change the laws Congress has made, to fill the holes sometimes deliberately left in statutes by Congress, and to create entirely new rights and remedies for litigants. The appointment of a liberal judge willing to use such power can have profound results certainly unforeseen by the Founding Fathers.

Jimmy Carter signed a bill in the fall of 1978, known as the Omnibus Judgeship Act, which created 152 new federal judgeships. (The bill had been stalled by congressional Democrats since 1972, awaiting the election of a President of their own party.) By January of 1981 Carter will have appointed more than one-third of all federal judges, to both the trial and appellate courts. If he is re-elected, by the end of his second term he will have appointed nearly three-fourths of all federal judges.



Article II, section 2, of the Constitution provides that the President "shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint" federal judges and U.S. attorneys. Ever since the first Congress, however, senators have effectively done the nominating and the President has confirmed the Senate's choices. Senators from the President's party sent names to the White House when vacancies in their states occurred, and the President has virtually always sent the senator's choice along to the Senate for confirmation. The senators from the President's party held all the aces. To quote former Attorney General Griffin Bell: "A person could not expect to be considered for one of these positions unless he or she knew a senator personally, knew someone who did, or was owed some political favor by that senator."

The noted "blue slip" system in the Senate allowed any senator from the appointee's home state effectively to veto a nomination through "senatorial courtesy." That is, if a senator felt strongly enough about an appointee, other senators would honor his objection and the nomination would not be brought up. Such objections, however, are rarely used, since most nominations are screened with senators before being made.

During the 1976 campaign, Jimmy Carter decided to change that system. Politics as usual was not good enough, said Carter; he would bring to the Presidency a higher order, removed from the patronage system, and pledged that "all federal judges and prosecutors should be appointed strictly on the basis of merit without any consideration of political aspects or influence."

At a meeting in Atlanta in December of 1976 with Attorney General-designate Griffin Bell and then Senate Judiciary Committee Chairman James Eastland, Carter discussed his plan to choose judges on the basis of merit rather than politics. Although the press reported that it was "agreed" that circuit judges would be chosen by merit, but that district judges would be chosen by the old process, it is probably more accurate to say that Eastland, whose Judiciary Committee passed on all judicial nominations, instructed Carter that the system would not be changed as far

*Mr. Regnery is the minority counsel of the Senate Judiciary Committee.*



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as the district judgeships were concerned.

As a result, merit selection commissions were set up in each circuit to choose appellate judge nominees, and although some district judges have continued to be chosen on the old basis, many senators have adopted a merit selection system in their own states to choose district court judges instead of doing it by a purely political process.

Obviously the depoliticization of judicial selection depends on the make-up of the commissions. If the members are political, it is a safe bet that their selections will also be political. If they are truly representative of public attitudes, however, their selections will be more balanced. Carter tried to have the best of both worlds.

The merit selection commissions which choose circuit judges, for example, were to be made up of a cross-section of the populace, of both lawyers and non-lawyers, and were to be bipartisan. Nevertheless, the process by which commission members were chosen was avowedly partisan. Hamilton Jordan, the President's chief political officer, not only selected panelists, but had final veto power over all who served on the commissions. Attorney General Griffin Bell personally selected all but one of the chairmen, and he was chosen by Vice President Mondale. One high ranking Justice Department official involved in this process reported that it was "very important to the White House for prospective panelists to have been members of the Democratic Party, active in Party causes, and early Carter supporters."

THE AMERICAN Judicature Society (AJS), the judges' equivalent of the American Bar Association, in a recent study of the circuit court nominating commissions, found that virtually all members of panels were liberal Democrats, having been, for the most part, early Carter supporters. The AJS concluded that the process of selecting members of the panels was permeated with partisan overtones, and that by obtaining "recommendations from the Democratic National Committee, and by allowing political officials to make choices, the Administration tainted the commissions' appearance from the very outset and invited legitimate public skepticism."

This was true as well of the commissions set up to choose district court judges. Not only did Carter promise that his judges would be selected on the basis of merit. He also believed, he said, that courts should not be activist institutions trying to reshape society, but that they should return to their more traditional role. He said: "Many decisions seem to be made in judicial chambers and not in the halls of Congress and not in the White House . . . in the guise of constitutional interpretation, some federal judges impose their biases and their ideologies on the average American citizen . . . I would like to get the courts out of our business."

But the products of the merit selection commissions and the results of the final selection of nominees by the Carter Administration fly directly in the face of what Carter promised to do, and in fact indicate that Carter has appointed a group of ideological activist liberals, whose decisions will likely have the effect of substantially liberalizing the federal courts. Indeed, the AJS discovered that the political ideology of the candidates closely corresponded to that of the commissions. Its survey showed that 48 per cent of the nominees considered themselves liberal, 44 per cent moderate, and none conservative.

Perhaps the best case in point to illustrate Carter's selection process is the Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, often called the second most important court in the land. It handles most appeals from the federal regulatory agencies and thus has the ability, if it chooses, to establish considerable policy regarding federal regulatory matters. It is often the first court, and therefore the most important one, to construe Acts of Congress. Its importance is lost to neither Carter nor the liberal establishment, and Carter's four appointments to that policy-making and precedent-setting court are clearly indicative of his judicial predilections.

Patricia Wald, the first of the four, was an Assistant Attorney General under Griffin Bell, had spent 25 years fighting for liberal causes in the courts, starting with the representation of Owen Lattimore and ending, before her stint at the Justice Department, as counsel for the Committee for Law and Social Policy and other liberal public-interest groups before the D.C. courts. The second, Abner Mikva, a congressman from suburban Chicago, followed the party line on liberal causes and had attained a cumulative ADA rating of 96 per cent while in the House. The third appointee, Harry Edwards, was a black law professor from the University of Michigan who has been in the forefront of the affirmative action fight; and the last, Columbia law professor Ruth Bader Ginsburg, is perhaps the nation's leading women's-rights lawyer. All are bright, well-trained, highly qualified lawyers whose nominations are difficult to challenge from the standpoint of ability. They will not hesitate to use the D.C. Court of Appeals, during the remainder of their lifetimes, as a vehicle to push their liberal philosophy.

ABRAM CHAYES, Harvard law professor and one of the intellectual godfathers of Ralph Nader, at a public-interest conference at Georgetown Law School earlier this year, while extolling the virtues of the consumer movement, recognized the influence Carter has had on the federal courts. He said:

> . . . the legacy of [the Carter] Administration on the bench is superb, and will be with us a long time. I look at the D.C. Circuit and we've got Ab Mikva and we've got Pat Wald and we've got Harry Edwards and if all goes well we'll have Ruth Ginsburg. And the D.C. Circuit is going to be able to hold up its head for a long, long time with these people on it . . . This judicial appointment process, I believe, has been a great success. An opportunity to appoint a third of the judiciary or a quarter of the judiciary has been an important opportunity which will live long beyond the 1980 elections.

Another typical nominee is Stewart Newblatt of Detroit. Newblatt told the Judiciary Committee that he has no hesitation about being a judicial activist, that he felt the court could properly attempt to solve problems, could properly impose broad affirmative duties upon government and society, and could properly impose its own power upon other government institutions by appointing an administrator with continuing oversight responsibilities. The Wald, Mikva, Edwards, Ginsburg, and Newblatt nominations are not unusual with the Carter Administration.

Carter has had no hesitation in using his judicial appointments to placate



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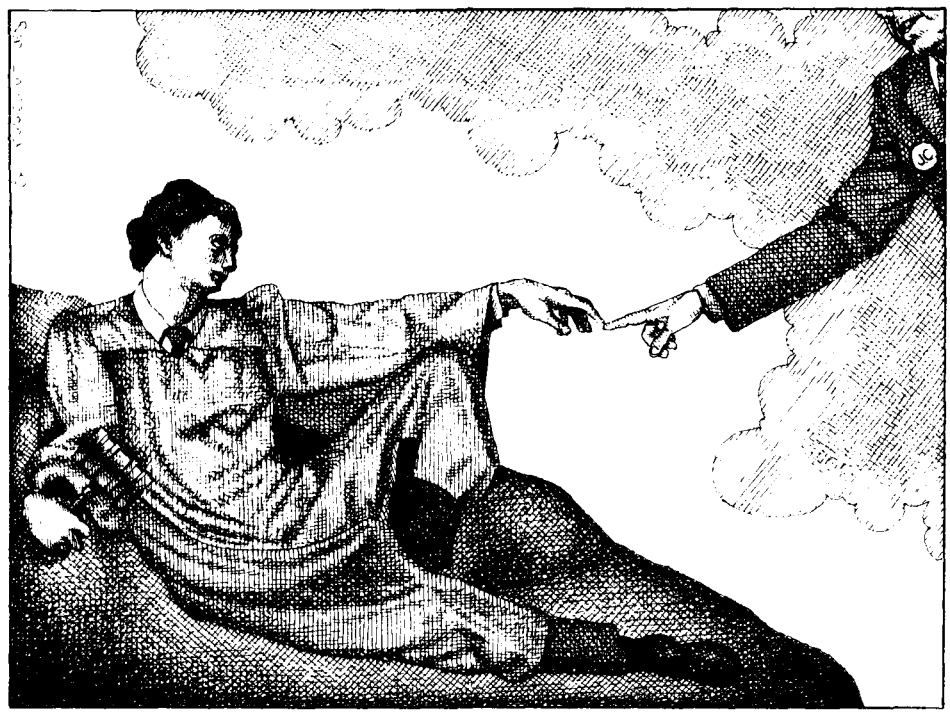
various minorities and pressure groups. He announced that he would appoint numerous women, blacks, and Hispanics to the bench, and has as much as said that his standards of merit would be applied differently to such candidates and that he would override the merit panels to find minority nominees if necessary. In fact, in 1978 the President remarked, "If I didn't have to get Senate confirmation of appointees, I could just tell you flatly that 12 per cent of all my judicial appointments would be blacks, 3 per cent would be Spanish-speaking, 40 per cent would be women, and so forth.



The experience in Virginia perhaps best exemplifies the Carter attitude toward minorities. Senator Harry Byrd, at Carter's request, established a judicial selection panel which submitted the names of ten candidates, all white males, for four district seats. (The panel, interestingly, included both women and blacks.) Although commission members sought women and minority candidates, they said they could find none as qualified as the ten submitted. The Administration objected, and then Deputy Attorney General Michael Egan announced: "There is no way Carter would appoint four more white males to the bench in Virginia," and suggested that "Byrd change the complexion [*sic*] of the nominees." He further urged representatives of various women's and minority groups to submit names of persons they wanted considered directly to the Justice Department. Carter ultimately did nominate three of the commission's choices, but named James Sheffield, a black state judge, as the fourth. Byrd objected to the nomination, and it remains deadlocked in the Senate. With the recent IRS disclosure that Sheffield once used the funds of his legal clients as his own, his nomination is probably doomed.

A more blatant example of how Carter has used the judiciary for his own political advantage occurred early in 1980, when a group of 15 elected black officials from Alabama allegedly approached Carter and gave him the names of two black lawyers they wanted appointed to the federal bench. Appoint these two, they apparently told the President, and we will, as a group, support your renomination effort. If you don't, they continued, we'll support Kennedy. Those two names—Fred Gray from Tuskegee and U. W. Clemon of Birmingham—were submitted the next day. Both were held "unqualified" by the American Bar Association; Clemon was confirmed anyway, and Gray is still being investigated.

The Administration has not let the merit selection process get too far out of hand for the same reason that the system evolved to its present state in the first place: appointing people to the federal bench, to high-paying lifetime jobs, is good politics. Thus, as Carter has found himself the subject of criticism from varying constituencies, he has found it expedient to be able to offer those constituencies powerful federal judicial seats. (He has also removed some of his most vocal critics from the scene by placing them on the bench.)

Teddy Kennedy, as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, has helped immeasurably in having Carter's judges confirmed. Although he announced at the beginning of this Congress that his Committee would institute major reforms in order to determine that only the most qualified judges were confirmed, the greatest changes that have been made are Kennedy's requirement that the nominees have "demonstrated a commitment to equal justice," and that they not belong to any all-white country clubs or all-male Rotary clubs. "Equal justice" is, of course, a somewhat nebulous term, and, in Kennedy's view, a judge meets the test simply by demonstrating his commitment to liberalism and to the latest trendy causes. Accordingly, nominees must now inform the Committee what they have done to help pass the ERA, to integrate their country clubs, and to further *pro bono* legal work for the poor if they hope to win confirmation.

Nevertheless, some of the Carter judicial appointees have been good, solid choices, particularly those from the southern and western states, where senators have maintained a degree of control over the process and have listened to their constituents. Many of the liberals are highly intelligent and well-qualified judges who will be able to use the system effectively.

The process that the Carter Administration has engineered for selecting more than one-third of the entire federal judiciary will serve to reshape that judiciary in the best interests of liberalism, consumerism, and the so-called public interest. When the process has been completed, Carter will have left a legacy affecting American society to a far greater degree than anything else his Administration will accomplish, and that reshaped judiciary will make previous denunciations of "the imperial judiciary" and "judicial activism" seem mild by comparison. □



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# Heap Smoke, No Fire

## The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

EVERYBODY TALKS about deregulation nowadays, but only grudgingly does anybody do much of anything about it.

Witness the recent labors of three powerful congressional committees on what is billed as a major effort at regulatory "reform" (S-262, HR-3263). After much fanfare and parliamentary wrangling, it looks as though these deliberations will bring forth a legislative mouse (if that). The current betting is that, even if a "reform" bill is adopted, nothing much by way of true reform will be contained in it.

That regulatory reform is urgently demanded is a perception widely shared on Capitol Hill. The runaway regulators who have assumed the legislative function in this area and imposed controls without regard for consequences, the resulting burden on business, individuals, and local communities, and the ensuing damage to personal freedom and our economic system, have excited numerous protests, prodding Congress into at least a semblance of corrective action. Hence the present legislation.

### *Oval Office Sabotage*

The House version of this reform proposal, less detailed than the Senate approach, would seek greater "public involvement" in the regulatory process and lay down various guidelines for the conduct of regulatory agencies. After what seemed a promising beginning, the bill is currently languishing in the House Judiciary Committee. Representative Elliot Levitas (D., Calif.) one of its co-sponsors, lays responsibility for this slowdown at the doorstep of the White House. "It is highly unusual," he says, "for any Administration to sabotage its own bill in committee."

On the Senate side, things are also unusual, but in a different way. Two separate versions of S-262 have been marked up by two separate committees —Judiciary (Kennedy) and Governmental Affairs (Ribicoff). The basic approach adopted is essentially the same: establishment of a regulatory review commission with authority to assess the existing morass of economic, environmental, safety, and other regulations, and to issue mandates and guidelines intended to make such regulation more efficient.

At this point, however, the Senate committees begin to differ. While neither version would gladden the heart of Milton Friedman, the Judiciary bill at least projects some realistic steps for bringing the bureaucrats under control. It would change the legal presumption in favor of agency rulings, create an enforcement mechanism for cost-benefit assessments, and knock out "intervenor funding" used to finance the agitations of leftward elements seeking added regulation.

The Judiciary bill also would provide a form of "sunset" mechanism for reviewing existing regulations, requiring that they be periodically approved or disapproved (the jargon for this halfway approach to sunsetting is "high noon"). In addition, some sponsors of the Judiciary version want a realistic "legislative veto" in the bill, permitting Congress to override objectionable regulations. An attempt will reportedly be made to include this on the floor.

The folks at Governmental Affairs want none of this. Their approach would put another layer of bureaucracy on top of that we already have, proliferate "interagency task forces" to write memos to one another on regulation, and provide some hortatory verbiage about what the regulators should be doing. But that would be about the size of it. There would be no sanctions with teeth in them to bring the regulators into line.

In an effort to iron out these differences, the Senate committees have been staging a series of "mini-conferences," with little progress reported to date. Some points such as making special allowances for small business and changing the venue on regulatory appeals from the super-liberal D.C. Circuit Court have evidently been worked out. But intervenor funding, cost-benefit enforcement, and the legislative veto (if and when the matter goes to the floor) appear to be the major sticking points.

At this stage, the most probable outcome appears to be no bill at all in the House, a mostly cosmetic measure (if any) in the Senate. We are likely to wind up with "regulatory reform" that will do little to change the existing situation for the better. Indeed, by adding on another layer of bureaucracy and by creating the appearance of reform without the substance of it, such an outcome could conceivably make the situation even worse.

### *Real Reform*

For those who prefer the reality of reform to the rhetoric of it, three other pending measures are recommended: 1) S-1969, submitted by Senator Robert Dole (R., Kan.), and co-sponsored by Senators Hatch, Heinz, Laxalt, Simpson, Stevens, and Thurmond, which would impose a much tougher cost-benefit requirement on the regulators, in essence demanding that they come up with a reasoned projection that positive consequences will outweigh the negative ones before a bureaucratic decree goes into effect; 2) HR-1776, sponsored by Representative Levitas and co-sponsored by more than 230 other members of the House (and thus in theory commanding a majority), which would mandate greater public involvement in the rulemaking process and, even more important, enact a legislative veto proposal that would reclaim some of the lawmaking turf that Congress has given away to the bureaucrats; and 3) two bills from Senator Daniel P. Moynihan (D., N.Y.) requiring cost-benefit assessment of federal regulations as they affect the states and local communities, with reimbursement for excessive costs (S-2691, S-2692).

It appears a combination of these approaches would be far more effective in securing authentic reform than the measures being contemplated in the Senate. □



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# Books Arts & Manners

# Shakespeare's Oracle

JOSEPH SOBRAN

MY FAVORITE book about Shakespeare was written by an American who died thirty years ago. Today it languishes in academic disrepute—though, curiously, it remains in print in both cloth and paper editions. A remarkable fact, this, considering the constant waves of Shakespeare books, many of them subsidized by academic presses.

The book's disrepute is perhaps understandable, for reasons we will ponder. Yet that's not to say it's right. Perpend.

The book bears the presumptuous title *The Meaning of Shakespeare*, because the author, Harold Goddard, died before he could give it a worthier one, and the christening fell to the publisher. Goddard, retired head of the English Department at Swarthmore, had given the last 15 years of his long life (1878-1950) to his book. I have been reading it since 1963, and I can't think of a suitable title either.

It runs to nearly seven hundred pages of purposefully meandering prose, seemingly written less for scholars than for schoolgirls, its tone informal, avuncular, often exclamatory. It abounds in controversial theses: that Shylock and Malvolio are at bottom noble souls; that Henry IV and his vaunted son, that "mirror of all Christian kings" Henry V, are a pair of rotters; that Hamlet should have rejected the command of his father's ghost; that Katharine the shrew isn't really a shrew; that Lear, as he dies, actually does see Cordelia miraculously alive; and many, many more.

Goddard can be quite unorthodox about backing up such assertions. Holding as he does that Shakespeare's imagination "transcends the theater," he doesn't scruple to cite the early *Henry VI* plays (usually dated just after 1590) to support a point about *Henry V* (circa 1599). He will even depart from Shakespearean texts altogether, citing aphorisms from Blake and Emerson and even, at one point, three whole pages of a memoir by Mrs. Fyodor Dostoyevsky.

All of which can be maddening to anyone bred on academic Shakespeare criticism. Most of the reviewers, though wishing to be polite to an author so lately deceased, denied that *The Meaning of Shakespeare* was even genuine criticism. A reviewer for *The Nation* called the book a series of "associated *pensées* rather than articulated essays." Oscar James Campbell pronounced the volume "addled" and "a freak," though hastening to praise the evidently "noble" temper of its author. My own early reaction, when I read it as a high-school boy, was to throw it against the wall of my room.

On the other hand, Goddard's book has elicited high praise from Mark Van Doren, Lionel Trilling, L. C. Knights, and Francis Fergusson, and an exceedingly sharp-eyed scholar named Eleanor Prosser (*Hamlet and Revenge*) draws on it heavily. You get the suspicion that more people are reading Goddard than are letting on. Dr. Johnson once remarked of a man that he'd made himself public without making himself known. With Goddard it may be more nearly the other way around.

His interpretations remain astonishingly fresh. Despite his excursions into other parts, his intimacy with the Shakespearean text itself gives him a kind of proprietary authority: you hesitate to accuse him of hallucinating when he has so often seen things others have missed. "The Ghost pronounces his own murder foul. He begs his son to kill his murderer, an act which, since it is revenge, is presumably killing at its least reprehensible level. But killing is killing, if it be wilful, no matter on what level, and whether or not it is denominated 'murder.' And so, without intending it, the Ghost pronounces 'most foul' even the act he is urging on his son: 'Murder most foul, *as in the best it is!*' " There's a half-line the rest of the world had contrived to ignore the force of. Goddard spots a thousand such details and integrates them, and in the end you have to acknowledge the reason: an amazing imaginative affinity between him and our greatest poet. The rest of us have been dully misreading Shakespeare. All we like sheep have gone astray.

Not everyone likes to admit this. Mine, I suspect, is not the only wall against which Goddard has been dashed. Mainstream academic critics, when they mention him at all, usually do so in petulant tones. He poses a threat to their way of reading and talking.

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**John Chettle** *is Director for North and South America of the South African Foundation. . . .* **Alan Reynolds** *is a Vice President of the First National Bank of Chicago.*



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Briefly, Goddard contends that all of Shakespeare is of a piece. Each of the plays expresses an imagination larger than itself and points to universal truths, truths which Shakespeare recognizes in common with other great poets, seers, sages, and prophets. In Emersonian terms, Goddard comes near to saying that the greatest plays are emanations of the Oversoul. Whatever its merits, this isn't a notion with which a young buck would today win tenure, even at Swarthmore.

But if you surrender to Goddard, if you are willing to risk concluding that Shakespeare may have been a very different poet from the one you thought you knew, you may actually find a new Shakespeare, greater even that the other one. But there is that condition: you must be born again. This is why it is easier for young readers than for professional Shakespeareans to accept Goddard.

A bit of background may be in order. The great poles of Shakespeare criticism in English are Johnson and Coleridge. Johnson is the great objectivist: to him the plays are rhetorical, public, subject to rigorous judgment by criteria like lucidity and universality. Coleridge, who despised Johnson, insisted that the usual rules of drama didn't apply to Shakespeare and spoke almost mystically of the poet's "secrets"—a term Johnson would surely have rejected. (It isn't fair for a playwright to keep secrets from the people who are paying him his livelihood.) Goddard is much nearer to Coleridge.

Modern Shakespeare criticism was launched at Oxford around 1900 by A. C. Bradley, who emphasized Shakespeare the psychologist, with a stress on character and flaws thereof that out-Aristotled Aristotle. Like all colossi, Bradley in due course provoked over-reaction. Charging that Bradley endowed the characters with a false autonomy, historical critics like Elmer Edgar Stoll approached Shakespeare reductively, trying to show him as a skilled illusionist, a master of conventional dramatic gimmickry, the compleat Elizabethan hack. No critic ever did more to pluck the mystery, and the sheer fun, out of Shakespeare. It may be more than coincidence that Stoll was a contemporary of the logical positivist movement in philosophy.

Counterreaction was bound to come. The "New Critics" —men like Cleanth Brooks and Robert Heilman—insisted on looking at the work of art as a self-contained vision, not as a patchwork of historical influences. But while they were rebelling against the Stoll method, Goddard was independently rebelling in a very different way. His book takes no notice of the New Critics. He may not even have been aware of them. Certainly he lacked, and would have deplored, their shyness about reading poetry as offering intimations of life's meaning. For him the form of a work is only a vessel.

Goddard acknowledges Shakespeare the consummate master of theatrical illusion; but he insists on the primacy of Shakespeare the poet, whose deepest intentions may subtly contravene the evident sense of the plays as experienced in the theater. Thus Henry V seems to be "the mirror of all Christian kings," and no character in the play challenges the Chorus's description of him as such. Yet the poet quietly establishes a far more ironic view of this national hero, as a betrayer of old friends, bloody imperialist, royal bully who threatens to let his soldiers rape maidens, impale infants, and brain the elderly. The data are all there for the imagination that is answeringly alert to them, but the poet himself is far too tactful to force them on us. To many readers, the critic who spots them will seem to be "reading things into" the play.

More sophisticated adherents of the conventional view of Henry, while noticing the alarming details, tend to hold that a) Shakespeare himself didn't notice them, or b) people Back Then regarded occasional roughness as the price of a good "order-figure." (See Northrop Frye, *Fools of Time*.) Since the poet himself chose to insert those details, however, the conventional view forces us to accuse him of having a tin ear. I don't think Shakespeare had a tin ear. If he has a character threaten to make "many a thousand widows" in reprisal for an insult, and then invoke "the will of God," surely it is odd to treat the very author of the lines as a dull bystander on whom the irony is lost! And yet Alfred Harbage, a fine critic, in his anxiety to preserve the orthodox view can sink to this pitch of desperation: "Certainly Shakespeare did not intentionally 'undercut' his hero . . . *Henry V* is a hard play to analyze in respect to intentional and unintentional effects."

Precisely because he presumes that Shakespeare knew what he was doing and what effects he was getting, Goddard is able not only to find coherence in *Henry V*, but even to see the play as an important progression in the unfolding of Shakespeare's oceanic imagination. He considers the plays serially,

## RANDOM NOTES

■ More October Titles: Landon Y. Jones, an editor at *People* magazine, argues in *Great Expectations: America and the Baby Boom Generation* (Coward, McCann, $15.95) that the 75 million kids born between 1946 and 1964 were raised to expect the world, are being forced to accept a very small part of it, and will harbor resentments against it until their dying day. . . . David Chaffetz's *On the Eve of Invasion: A Journey through Afghanistan* (Regnery/Gateway, $13) portrays the condition of the Afghans before the Soviet Union stepped in to give them a leg up. . . . *Man, the Promising Primate: The Condition of Human Evolution* (Yale, $12.95), by Peter J. Wilson, looks to be an interesting book on the subject of the origins of social institutions and their effect upon human evolution. . . . *The Ministry of Culture* (Wyndham, $12.95), by Michael M. Mooney, takes on the White House Council for the Arts and Humanities and charges it with censorship, blacklisting, and all sorts of other activities not generally associated with people like Joan Mondale.

*Unfinished Tales: J. R. R. Tolkien* (Houghton Mifflin, $15), edited by Christopher Tolkien, speaks for itself. . . . Noel Perrin, author of *First Person Rural*, bulls right ahead with *Second Person Rural: More Essays of a Sometime Farmer* (Godine, $10). . . . *The Collected Stories of Eudora Welty* (Harcourt Brace, $14.95)—by Eudora Welty—gives you *every* story by Eudora Welty.

■ Some November Titles: *Off the Record: The Private Papers of Harry S. Truman* (Harper & Row, $15), edited by Robert H. Ferrell, could make for some disappointing reading if you secretly think HST *should* have bombed China, Manchuria, North Korea, etc. So close—and yet so far! . . . Leon Edel's *The Letters of Henry James, Vol. III, 1883-1895* (Harvard, $20) is ready this fall. —CW



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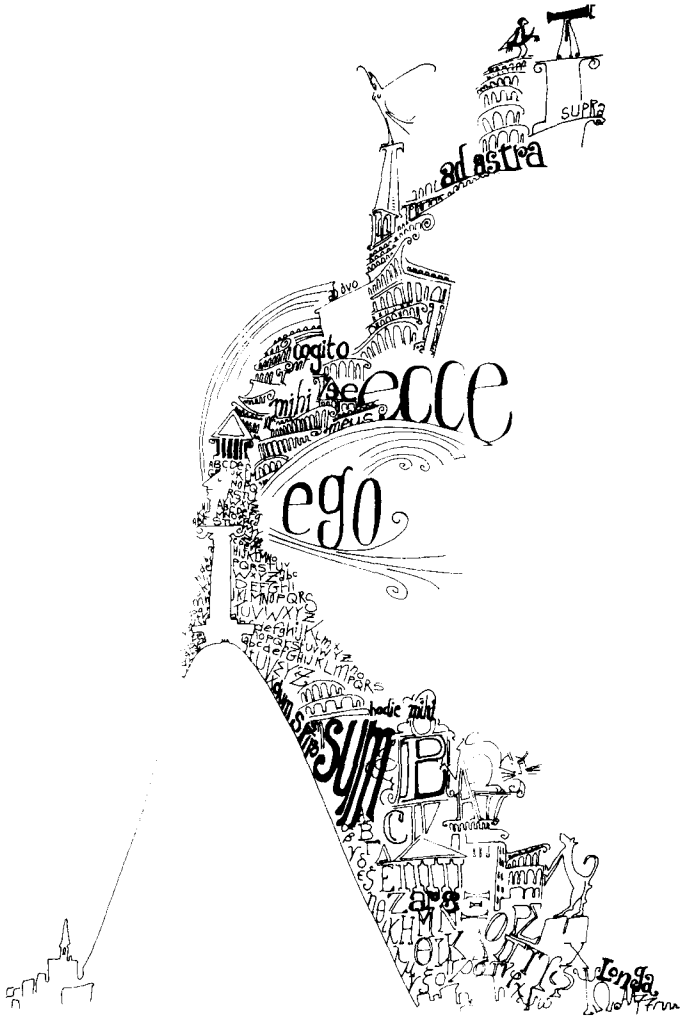
not separately, each becoming a chapter in a development no other reader seems to have suspected.

As Goddard sees it, the great theme of Shakespeare's imagination is the imaginative life itself, in the broadest sense: the life of love, and play, and beauty, as against the life of appetite, power, and fear.

*How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,*
*Whose action is no stronger than a flower?*

Time and again, the Shakespearean hero is summoned to the life of imagination, only to be seduced by the voice of lower forces. Prince Hal cold-bloodedly chooses kingship over companionship. Romeo hot-bloodedly chooses revenge over love. Hamlet, less impetuous, forces himself to make the same disastrous choice. Othello chooses Iago against Desdemona. Brutus, Macbeth, and Coriolanus suffer variant seductions.

Such a sketchy account omits the comedies, *Lear*, *Antony*, and the late romances, in which the terms are altered and the problems posed in the tragedies find resolution. In general, though, Goddard sees happy endings as correlated with the submission of the purely masculine to the influence of the feminine. Where Rosalind or Imogen prevails, much joy. When the hero refuses the counsels and comforts of the feminine and tries to embody unadulterated manhood, or where woman herself abdicates her role (Lady Macbeth, Volumnia), tragedy follows.




Fathers are usually disastrous influences, trying tyrannically to impose their passions on the young. Wise parents are rare in Shakespeare, and he seldom portrays obedience to parents as a happy or fruitful duty. Cordelia is the perfect child, because she manages to resist what is atavistic, while cherishing what is venerable, in her own father. Hamlet is the child who fails to free himself from ancestral bondage.

"Only on the assumption that Hamlet ought not to have killed the King can the play be fitted into what then becomes the unbroken progression of Shakespeare's spiritual development." This, as I recall, was the sentence that immediately preceded my hurling the book. "Shakespeare's spiritual development"? Who talks like that? Not Bradley. Not Brooks or Heilman. Certainly not Campbell or Frye or Empson or Holloway or Traversi. Dr. Johnson? Never. Not even Coleridge.

AND YET, as with so many things that Just Aren't Done, there's no good reason why it *shouldn't* be done. The question is, Does it bear fruit? After all, a peek into Shakespeare's diary, though in violation of certain critical strictures, and no part of any regular critical method, might just tell us undeniable things about the man who wrote the plays, hence about the plays. At least it might help us put in focus what we already know—and clarification of what is known is in a sense an addition to what is known. So why not?

Now there are sound reasons why academic critics don't want to license all sorts of speculation about Shakespeare's spiritual development. All the same, that's a matter of disciplinary etiquette, imposed for the sake of order within the profession, not necessarily applicable or pertinent, let alone helpful, to the rest of us. In real life we all know the truth and value of a million things we could never prove with the kind of rigor required in a courtroom, a laboratory, or a public debate. Highly dogmatic, oracular, and speculative modes of speaking are often intolerable and unmannerly. Yet in proscribing them for the sake of social order we do sacrifice possibilities to which the stricter forms of speech have less access. And in matters of poetry, after all, the academic approach tends to violate Aristotle's advice against seeking an exactitude inappropriate to the subject at hand.

Goddard offers more truth than proof. It isn't that his logic lacks power. It isn't that his observations aren't acute. It's that his way of looking at the plays is illuminating in itself, and enables us to integrate many other details which he doesn't observe. Details which, but for him, we'd have gone on missing.

I don't have the least doubt, for example, that he is right about *Hamlet*. His arguments against the revenge-ethic (he opposes it and holds that Shakespeare did too) have been sensitively confirmed, from different points of view, by Miss Prosser and by John Vyvyan, among others; his contention that *Hamlet* shows us the Prince's spiritual coarsening rather than any sort of spiritual growth appears in many ways. Consider: the play abounds in complaints about double standards of justice for the strong and weak, great and lowly, rich and poor. Hamlet sounds this theme. So does the King, on his knees. So does the pair of gravediggers who are scandalized that Ophelia, a suicide, gets a Christian burial only because she was a gentlewoman.

When we first see Hamlet he graciously refuses to stand on



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his rank with Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, insisting that the tie between him and them is love, not duty; and so he acts toward Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. By the end of the play, however, he can coolly recount his having sent Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to death, "not shriving-time allowed." No longer his equals, they are contemptuously dismissed as "the baser nature" who meddled in the affairs of "mighty opposites." It's not that they deserved their fate; it's just that they don't matter. Nor should we overlook another irony in this play of sudden unshriven deaths: Hamlet ascribes to Providence his having with him, in his purse, the royal signet that is the means of forging their death-warrant ("Why, even in that was heaven ordinant"). To such callous blasphemy has Hamlet sunk. Goddard opens one's eyes to these things.

In a way, Goddard might actually agree with those detractors who say he is not a critic. He would probably answer that he is a reader; and that the best way to read is not by the rules of criticism (especially of a currently fashionable style of criticism, with all its fleeting conventions) but by the encounter of your own imagination with the poet's. His book seeks to give not so much a model of criticism as a model of this kind of reading, a full personal response to the text.

This, of course, requires fidelity to the text, and to that extent a mastery of critical method. But though reason is a necessary check on imagination, it is no substitute for it. Not only Goddard, but Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Lamb represent a style of personal criticism that would hardly be countenanced today. W. H. Auden could get away with it, but only because he was already Auden. For the most part criticism is dominated by the academy, and therefore shaped by the imperatives of subsidized research, an ideal of "objectivity" that is really a pursuit of the lowest common denominator of understanding, and vague notions of scientific method. It is widely thought indecorous to praise Shakespeare in the course of serious criticism.

But we should know that something is amiss when the most eloquent man who ever lived becomes the subject of volumes of the dullest and clumsiest prose ever written. The quest for academically respectable impersonality, for perhaps trivial but certainly incontrovertible truths, shows that many in the humanities have exaggerated notions of what scientific knowledge consists in. (A powerful corrective is Michael Polanyi's *Personal Knowledge*.)

GODDARD'S great virtue is his refusal to oppose subject and object. "We read a poem as we live—at our risk. Though it may take its time about it, the world has a way of bringing up with a sharp jolt the man who attempts to substitute for its facts some private fancy. Fanciful interpretations of literature are doomed to as quick extinction. The text must be as sacred to the reader as his facts are to the scientist. He must discard instantly anything it contradicts. But he must be ready to strike life into it, from his own experience, as a scientist must be fertile in hypotheses."

No reader has ever struck more life into these sacred texts than Harold Clarke Goddard, or made the poet's mind seem so mysteriously and wildly active. Whoever would refute Goddard must not only attack his methods, but show us more of Shakespeare, or a more Shakespearean Shakespeare, than Goddard does. Simply to refuse what Goddard offers is to diminish the poet himself. □

*Up the Down Dollar*
*By Edward Meadows*
*Anchor, 280 pp., $10.95*

# NOT A WHOLE HORSE

## ALAN REYNOLDS

Here is a case where the sum of the parts is greater than the whole. The instructive passages and sharp insights to be found in this book do not quite make believable the sweeping themes—one of which exhibits a confusing ambivalence about big business, which the author seems to consider technically necessary but vaguely undesirable.

Meadows rightly argues that "a lazy monopoly becomes a vulnerable monopoly except when it's protected from competition by the government." He is appropriately and cleverly brutal to "soft" energy and to the Schumacher notion that "small is beautiful." Yet Meadows himself holds out a vision of electronic information technology that "offers economies of miniaturization whereby the nation's infrastructure can recede to more human dimensions." The presumed significance falters, owing to a generally unconvincing case against larger enterprises.

Both government and corporate bureaucracies, says Meadows, "are authoritarian organizations." "Bureaucrats have license to make outlandish laws, but corporations have technology. Technology has shown itself to be an effective vehicle by which to usurp individual liberty . . ." That analogy is too weak to be supported, so it isn't. Corporations obviously have no powers even roughly comparable to the power to tax, conscript, imprison, and print money. Meadows tries in vain to make us afraid of Walt Disney's speculations about a proprietary community, and "the plush authoritarian austerity of corporate headquarters' lobbies." Television and cars, he more plausibly suggests, "work to destroy any sense of community." But all this hardly adds up to "technological totalitarianism."

Still, the relative strength of the book lies in the somewhat Galbraithian examination of the structure of industry. It might make an interesting supplemental textbook in microeconomics, to provoke discussion. There is also a useful chapter explaining problems with economic data. On the subject of the whole economy, however, the logic is thin, the evidence conveniently missing. Business cycles somehow arise from spontaneous waves of irrational "overoptimism" and pessimism, without anybody learning to adapt to the pattern.

There is no coherent explanation of inflation at all, despite the title. Prices apparently rise to cover rising costs of


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energy, subsidies, and regulations. "People want higher wages to compensate for the higher prices and higher taxes. And . . . the fallout from this war, this long-range power struggle, is inflation."

Wages are thus whatever we want them to be, and the businessman passively "tries to pass that higher cost along . . . in higher prices" except when "he can't get the kind of prices he needs." This leaves everything floating about without limit or ultimate cause. Yet the sum of all wages and prices can't rise continually unless the means of financing them—the supply of money—increases. Inflation is excess growth of money spent relative to the goodies produced. You won't learn that here.

THERE is a muddled explanation of how the Federal Reserve turns government debt into new money, together with a curious claim that government debt "represents wealth too" (it's just a claim on future taxes). At times, the money supply is treated as synonymous with credit (rented money) or income. Meadows wrongly supposes that printing more money makes interest rates fall; a few pages later, however, the Fed has to "slam the brakes on the money supply to keep interest rates from going through the roof."

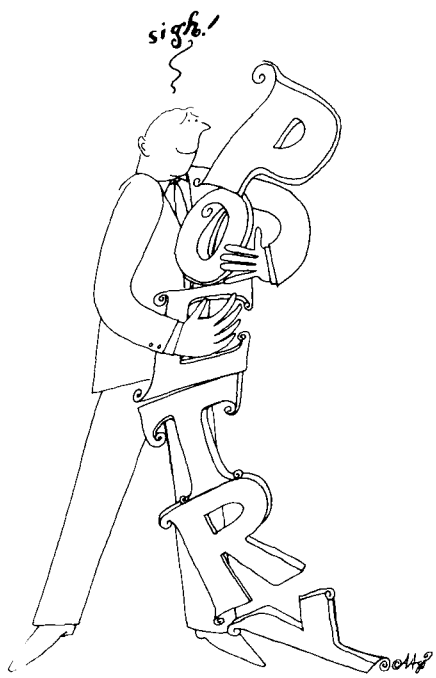
"Often the public has demanded," says Meadows "that the government inflate the money supply to relieve it of its temporary impoverishment." How the public could do that, or why printing money would increase real income, is necessarily left unexplained.

Meadows simply asserts, against overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that "government policies can no longer suffice to eliminate inflation," and "when recessions come about the inflation rate doesn't fall." There is, he says, "no way to stop it without addressing the fundamental crisis of modern technology." This crisis apparently consists of "big, centralized concentrations of power that are incompatible with the ideals of democracy" and with "the need for human-scale smallness in society." Big business "cheats consumers, squeezes independent producers, and corrupts the government."

No shred of evidence is offered for any of this. As with many bold assertions throughout the book, as well as some inconclusive reporting of assorted opinions, a fact or two could settle these issues. Meadows says "government taxes labor much more than it taxes machines." Browning and Johnson calculate that capital bears twice as high a tax. Meadows worries about a "movement toward bigness" where "a few large firms dominate the market." Betty Bock shows that market concentration has long been falling, particularly in world markets (consider U.S. Steel).

Meadows ridicules the Laffer Curve "fallacy" by transforming Professor Laffer into an arch-Keynesian. Cutting taxes, says Meadows, means that people would spend "all that money that used to be taxed away" and "producers would respond to this outpouring of new demand by expanding their production." The actual argument, not so different from some of Meadows's own remarks, is that reducing marginal tax rates—on earning more by producing more—would increase the incentive to add to the supply of marketable goods and services. Growth of money spent, in Laffer's view, is a matter of monetary policy, not of tax rates or even deficits (federal borrowing), so that the total flow of money and spending in the economy need not increase with lower tax rates.

The author is nonetheless one of the more entertaining writers among the growing tribe of younger economic journalists. Even when he is wrong, he is wrong with style. But there is far too much of the journalist's retreat into "some experts say," "economists often argue," and irrelevant name-dropping. There is too little analysis and fact. □




*A History of the World*
*By Hugh Thomas*
*Harper & Row, 700 pp., $17.95*

# WOBBLING ON THE AXIS

## JOHN CHETTLE

There are few people, even impecunious reviewers or college professors without tenure, who are rugged enough to contemplate *A History of the World* without a qualm. It is the kind of assignment avoided by first year students at college and recommended by the eminent, when they are interviewed at the end of every year, for perusal by the ignorant. In short, such a history is always thought particularly useful for someone else.

The qualm has, moreover, ample justification. For who, in times when the boundaries of expertise are guarded with the fierceness of a territorial imperative, has the wideness of knowledge or the temerity to risk such a project?

HUGH THOMAS, the author of widely praised histories of the Spanish Civil War and of Cuba, lays himself open to some of these criticisms. He is far more concerned with the West than the East, with the developed world than with the undeveloped, with how people lived and worked than with kings and religion and philosophy. Lists could no doubt be made of what he has failed to mention, or what he has touched upon only briefly. But, for all that, this book is a stunning achievement, the most thoughtful, provocative, and even profound survey within the confines of a single volume of which this reviewer is aware.

His curiosity knows no bounds, and he persuades us of the significance of much that might otherwise appear trivial: he points out that the discovery of the stirrup in the West transformed the history of war, and that malaria may explain the ease with which the Spanish Empire maintained itself.

There is, however, a deeper, underlying purpose which pervades the book.



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Thomas seeks to make sense of the way in which man has ordered his existence, and his book can be seen as a detailed and impressive exploration of the link between freedom from state regulation and the general good. While he is not original in his belief that free enterprise is the creative and dynamic force which has made Western civilization what it is, and that it is being undermined by government intervention, what is new is the wealth of examples culled from his study of history to substantiate that view. He notes, for example, that feudal Europe was poorer than Islam or India or China, and that what began to distinguish Europe from countries like China was that the latter, under the influence of its bureaucracy, began to turn to the past.

Similarly, he investigates the reasons for the great surge of industrial creativity initiated by England and Scotland, and concludes that it originated in the fact that, by the middle of the eighteenth century, England was the only large country in the world where anything like political freedom existed. Its early rivals, like Spain, dropped behind as the result of a system which permitted trade to be organized by civil servants.

The consequences of this conclusion are more profound than we usually realize. He points out, for example, that during the generations when private merchants were most powerful, the world was free of war for 99 years, and that there have been no instances of war between democracies in the twentieth century.

Despite this success, we no longer have the confidence, which prevailed early in this century, that democracy would become general around the world. There are few countries in Africa, Asia, or Latin America today which are democratic. In fact, he believes that in some respects the political philosophies vanquished during the Second World War have triumphed, and that there is much in common between the National Socialism of Germany and the socialist nationalism of much of Africa and Asia.

The errors of the Marxist analysis of class and of "imperialism" have also been pervasive. These concepts have been used as a scapegoat by intellectuals in Latin America, for example, to excuse their own faults; for, as Thomas points out, Spain and Portugal ceased to be colonial powers by the early 1800s, and countries like Cuba and Argentina were more prosperous in the nineteenth century than were many European countries. Cuba, he says, is a rich country gone to seed, not a poor one which never had a chance.

He is pessimistic in certain elements of his analysis, but he ends on a note of hope. Although there were signs by the early 1970s that Western civilization could fall as a result of the onslaught of irrationality from without or a failure of nerve within, this has always been the challenge faced by free people. The first history of which we are aware, that of Herodotus, concerned a battle between free men and tyrants. One of the benefits of a study of history is that it is always possible to reverse, as Plato put it, an apparently fatal tendency toward decay, however late the hour. □

*Ivan the Terrible and Ivan the Fool*
*By Yevgeny Yevtushenko, translated by Daniel Weissbort*
*Richard Marek Publishers, 99 pp., $9.95*

# A MELANCHOLY TALE

## FRANCIS B. RANDALL

Some twenty years ago, a young Russian poet named Yevgeny Yevtushenko went to one of the terrible places of the world, a ravine near Kiev called Babi Yar, where the Nazis, in September 1941, had massacred at least 34,000 Ukrainian Jews in two days, and according to some over 100,000. He was shocked to find that in a land brimming with memorials to the millions of victims of Nazi terror, the Communists, his fellow Russians, had done nothing to mark this major site of Nazi terror against Jews. He wrote a memorable poem with a memorable line: *There is no monument at Babi Yar.*

He excoriated the complicitous indifference to the mass murder of Jews and the continuing antisemitism of the Communists and most of the Russian people, so contrary to all of their highest ideals. He touched the heart even of the then dictator Khrushchev, who allowed the publication of the poem and authorized the construction of a monument, of sorts, at Babi Yar. The poem and the poet became world famous. It was not a blow for freedom in the Soviet Union —how could anyone be expected to achieve that?—but it was a great blow for decency.

Since then, Yevtushenko has reached no such heights. Inside and outside the USSR he has been increasingly regarded as a flamboyant personality, like his model from the early Communist period, Vladimir Mayakovsky, but, unlike Mayakovsky, as only a second-rate poet. And as only a second-rate rebel: he stands in danger of degenerating into a licensed fool who criticizes the system after previous agreement with the authorities, along carefully limited lines, to "prove" that there is some freedom in the USSR. For this he is rewarded with Communist honors at home and, more important to him, with visas to read and lecture abroad, be lionized, rake in hard currency, and bring back loads of foreign consumer goods. It is a melancholy tale.

Now we are presented with his *Ivan the Terrible and Ivan the Fool*, which the enthusiastic translator hails as "a kind of Soviet epic." It is a small book containing in eight cantos and an epilogue, the kind of middle-length poem (this one is 872 lines) which Russians call a *poema* (as distinct from shorter "verses" or a much longer epic). It is indeed modeled on Mayakovsky's works in the genre, with somewhat irregular and often broken lines, dramatic images (but not so startling as Mayakovsky's), rapid changes of subject-matter and mood, and, to a Russian Communist, noble patriotic, popular, and revolutionary sentiments, not very Partyish, disturbingly personal, unorthodox, and two-edged.

There is no "story." Things go back and forth in time as well as in mood. The earliest characters dealt with are Czar Ivan the Terrible—ambivalently, a great builder of the Russian land but also the bloody tyrant who unleashed Russia's first great police terror—and Ivan Fyodorov the First Printer, a real hero of Yevtushenko's, who under the Terrible's patronage printed the first



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book in 1564. But later the Czar drove his printer from Russia as a subversive; hilariously, bandits try to rob him in his flight of his font of leaden print, but give it up as useless.

Peter the Great is also treated as both a builder and a tyrant. Much of the poem does deal with Ivan the Fool, a traditional peasant trickster of Russian folk ballads, here incarnate as a textile worker in the early industrial city of Ivanovo-Voznesensk (northeast of Moscow) during the Revolution of 1905, where the first workers' *soviet* was formed. The real, Russian title of this poem is *Ivanovo Calicoes*, fabrics which were noted for their blood-red color and small-flowered patterns (still our image of what the Russian *babushka* wears). A sustained image in this poem is precisely the flowers and blood color of the calicoes, which become in various ways the flowering and simultaneously bloody aspects of Russian history. The poem touches on 1917 and on Soviet power up to the present. The Communist hero is not Stalin, or even Lenin, but Mikhail Frunze, the organizer of the textile workers of Ivanovo and later the commander of the Red Army, a supposedly untainted Old Bolshevik, murdered by Stalin as early as 1925.

THE EPILOGUE is more straightforward preaching: *He who is no historian is no poet.*

*He is no Russian who so loves his comfort,*
*his car, his fridge, his fancy clothes, his rings,*
*that he has forgotten, as he buys up icons,*
*what songs the Russian revolution sings.*
*He is no Russian who to the heroic ranks*
*elevates only Russians, puffing out his chest,*
*he for whom Saint Joan is nothing special,*
*nor John Brown, Fuchik or Anne Frank.*

Julius Fuchik was a Czech Communist martyred by the Nazis, but to name Anne Frank here returns to the source of Yevtushenko's moral strength, and touches the same raw Russian nerve. This is what Communists call a "positive" poem, more positive for the Communist cause, and better for it, than what the Party likes to patronize when left to itself. It is probably not a great poem and Yevtushenko is not a great soul. But whatever his compromises, this sort of exhortation to earlier idealism and broader tolerance tries to make Communists better, not worse. Communists would indeed be significantly better if they really listened to Yevtushenko, and I do not feel like joining the pack that throws stones at him. □

# The GIMLET EYE

## GOD IN RADIOLAND

### D. KEITH MANO

"You heard thuh testimony here; how this young man was in his kitchen cookin' and how that I come on thuh radio preachin' thuh Gospel, and how that God slayed him for two hours on thuh floor, amen, and he got saved through this radio ministry. It costs me over $200 evvy Sunday night f'me t'come your way. Why not sit down this week and send me an offerin'? Send me a check, a good check, amen. And address it to Reverend Leon Hatten, H-A-T-T-E-N, amen. Now I'll say that one more time, H-A-T-T-E-N."

. . . beep. "It's ten o'clock. This is WWDJ 970 in Hackensack: your sound of inspiration 24 hours a day."

Without let-up: inspiration at each and every digital time wink. Man, that's enough to melt my pink crayon: beep. WWDJ can transmit holiness as if the Word were bulk mail; even St. Anthony would've browned his vacuum tube out. WWDJ is made up of one 15-minute or half-hour Godspot after the next. At last check 970 AM was number 34 or so on your rating chart and, mind now, 92 other stations blow wireless lip around New York. Not bad: the non-denominational Son of God is radiogenic (there are 1,200 such evangelical stations America-wide). WWDJ will sell air time to "any valid church or registered Christian ministry." That would mean: a building, two services per week, and some kind of vestry. Five or six use intelligent programming; several more are ar least sincere. And a few are just so many board feet of extortionate shekel-snatch in Jee-sus name; trust me, broiled placenta is less repulsive.

Eighty per cent, I've been told, are out-of-state poachers: beaming in from Florida, Minnesota, Texas, Tennessee. These sophisticated holy high rollers have a special microphone gait. You still hear that hyperbolic Gospel diction (each word—*each*: in, from, for, the, of, to—spondee equal and loud, with an "eh" hung on: by-eh His-eh divine-eh love-eh. Left over, I think, from outdoor preachment: when hills-eh would echo back), but the syndicated evangelist is a real ham operator: more close-to-mike modulation, more I in general; less Jesus. You can identify trained social counseling technique: *I am your AM/FM pal just stick your lonely hand through the Panasonic and I'll hold it.* They know that troubled folk listen to WWDJ—happy folk disco with WKTU—and, as a U-boat would convoy-hunt, they pick stragglers off. "I know your heart is sick: you have no place t'turn. So write your problems t'me, Dr. [doctor of what, Dinge?] Elmore Flam, East Pariah, Tenn. I'll put your letter on my altar here and ask Jesus to cancel the postmark. And any tax-eh deductible-eh love gift you all can send will help t'keep our air ministry going." Eh. Eh?

Me, I prefer the local black ruckus: it'll run overtime, it'll cause sound meters to scream and peak at WWDJ—yet, often enough, Jesus can get in a hot lick or three. They know what their clientele is good for: i.e., not much: so poor the last roach has given notice. Black pastors prefer church attendance to one dime looking lost in a number ten envelope: on the frenzied spot you can shake-down people more efficiently. And they know that illness or trouble



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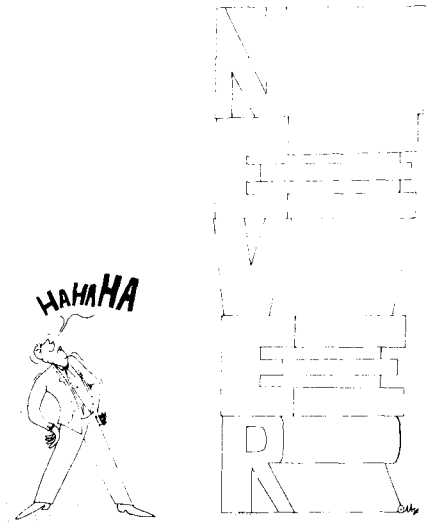
makes great gossip, even entertainment. "We pray for Sister Louise in room 402 . . ." beep: Sister Louise, dying, is show biz. I don't underestimate the comfort that might accrue: heck, even Jesus didn't pray at 970 kilohertz. It's as if disease, like a corrupt politician, might be shamed by publicity. The enthusiasm is sometimes infectious: rougher than bog tissue in a British Railways loo, but infectious.

"Call 386-2377, our prayer line is being manned right now." Oh, why not? Old Gimlet Voice will ring up, complaining of severe job loss, female noncompliance, and month-end eviction—all in his best half-steppin' Lenox Avenue accent. I expect a collection box to come out of my receiver, but Sister Helen is wonderful. "Do you confess Jesus? Do you? Do you accept him?" A cheerful, serious, dedicated, a *pretty* voice. Before long I am Hallelujahin' aloud and crossing myself in silence (that God might forgive me this gross imposture). I am ashamed: it's the first obscene call I've ever made.

"Somehow we can't convince advertisers that Christians aren't from Mars," Joe LaZizza, program director (and occasional *NR* contributor) told me. "That they buy clothing, furniture, Coke, as well as pray." Inge Rauchbach, station manager, said, "We screen four hundred tapes every week. We try to discourage pastors who use WWDJ to sell questionable items. But it isn't easy." Four hundred per week: that'd turn my cranium into a 7¾ inch puffball mushroom: all spores. But now and then something vile will slip past.

LIKE THE evil Sister Brenda, who "heals" heart condition, arthritis, cataract by a laying on of bull. Afterward she will peddle pure scagliola. "Does the power of witchcraft work against you? God told me that the hand of poverty was working against the children of God. I want to send you a bottle of success oil, money oil. And I want to be your special prayer partner. Send in at least $10—that's $2.50 a week—so I can put your name in the book of remembrance and say a 24-hour prayer over you." What's she to do if you miss one payment? Repossess her blessings? Hand of poverty, indeed. Satan, ever the progressive, has a special microwave oven for Sister Brenda down below.

God may work in strange media: but radio is the least strange. Throughout scripture He appears as a voice-over. It




was vocally that he staff-announced the burning bush; Jesus had His verbal endorsement above Jordan. But when Moses requested a decent glimpse, God would only show His back part. In the beginning was the Word, not the picture. All things are possible, but, whatever His reason, God is not yet ready for prime-time TV. □

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

GEORGE BUSH, A BIOGRAPHY, *by Nicholas King (Dodd, Mead, 146 pp., $7.95).* "And then came a rumor," Mr. King writes of the Republican Convention, "thin as a bat's squeak, reported by an electronic voice, that George Bush was the chosen one." This biography of George Bush, commissioned after the Iowa caucuses, canceled after Michigan, revived just about the time that bat's squeak was heard, is a workmanlike, easy-to-read, comprehensive story of George Bush's life and accomplishments. Nicholas King, a veteran newspaperman who served as George Bush's press attaché at the UN, admits in his preface that the trouble any Bush biographer will run into is that the subject is a thoroughly admirable man. The nearest thing to a scandal anyone has been able to dig up about Bush is that he took a campaign donation from CREEP (the Committee to Re-elect Nixon) which would have been illegal two years later when a new law on campaign spending was enacted. Bush, born to privilege, has done things the hard way. He was the youngest commissioned pilot in the U.S. Navy in WWII, was shot down in the Pacific, and won the distinguished Flying Cross. He struck out on his own after Yale and made a fortune in offshore drilling in Texas. He served two terms in the U.S. Congress and lost two Senate races. Then came a series of tough public service jobs. When would one least want to serve as U.S. ambassador to the UN? The year that the U.S. took a public drubbing with the admission of Red China and the expulsion of Taiwan. George Bush was the man on the scene. What was the least enviable job the Republican Party had to offer seven months into Watergate? National Chairman. George Bush took it. When Senator Church and the *New York Times* were having a high old time blasting the CIA, whom did Gerald Ford turn to to take charge of that demoralized agency? You guessed it. Nicholas King fleshes out all of these stories and Bush's tenacious drive for the GOP presidential nomination without telling us much about the private man, although he offers a couple of insights that explain his resilience. It's humor. When Barbara Bush decided to marry George it was, she said, among other things, "because he is funny." He can be. When brash *New York* magazine called Bush "One of the Ten Over-rated Men in New York City," Bush's response was to invite the other nine, plus Dick Schaap, author of the story, to a party. They all came. PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

COUPS AND EARTHQUAKES: REPORTING THE WORLD FOR AMERICA, *by Mort Rosenblum (Harper & Row, 230 pp., $10.95).* This book is, to the best of my knowledge, a unique treatment of the fourth estate. Mort Rosenblum, a former Associated Press correspondent and now the editor of the *International Herald Tribune* in Paris, takes us behind the datelines for an inside look at how foreign reporting really works. Employing a superb mixture of smooth writing, careful reporting, and wonderfully incisive wit, he explains how foreign correspondents cover world crises. In a hilariously satirical chapter titled "The West Malaria Rebellion," Mr. Rosenblum garishly illustrates the insane conditions under which correspondents work. Entertaining anecdotes abound. (One example: A Nigerian press officer announces that all censorship has been lifted. Does that mean, asked a correspondent, that we can send a story saying so? No, said the press officer, because it had never been announced that there was censorship.) In his chapter on "The System," he describes editors interested only in "coups and earthquakes," and cost-conscious publishers who are convinced that the public cares little about foreign news. In many ways, this is the theme of the book. Mr. Rosenblum cites three separate readership surveys all of which show that newspaper readers desire more extensive foreign coverage. Despite this evidence, however, the number of American reporters stationed abroad continues to dwindle steadily, so that Americans are less well informed about world events today than they were



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just ten years ago. Mr. Rosenblum leaves no aspect of foreign reporting untouched. He focuses on the special problems faced by radio, television, and photojournalists, along with the intricate nuances of human rights, war, and foreign economic reporting. For anyone who takes newspapers seriously, this book is essential reading.

JOHN A. BARNES

DOCTOR FISCHER OF GENEVA, OR THE BOMB PARTY, *by Graham Greene (Simon and Schuster, 156 pp., $9.95).* Agnosticism permeates Graham Greene's new novel. It is a confession of doubt in the Catholic God by a writer known for dogged hope despite books full of desperation. The plot, perhaps Greene's most masterful, is laced with religious allusions; he might have told it in Bible verse. Doctor Fischer, who is very rich, avenges the disloyalty of his wife by throwing cruel parties for a collection of sycophants. At one party, the guests get gold watches as a reward for eating cold porridge with champagne. Through marriage to the doctor's daughter, a one-handed man named Jones meets Fischer and comes to hate him the way a wavering Catholic might God. Fischer tempts the weak with shiny prizes. Fischer ignores his own child's wedding and funeral. Fischer believes, through all his abuses, that he is right. Jones craves death after the loss of his wife in a skiing accident. Fischer's final party, at which guests draw Christmas crackers knowing one holds a bomb, provides the means. But following Fischer's rules does not make one a winner: the bomb is a fake. Fischer —Greene's stand-in for God—is toying with his creatures. The book is tightly written. The symbolism, though strong, isn't intrusive, and the despair of Jones hangs sweet. Sweet because Greene sees the drama in doubt and makes pleasurable the pain of his own unbelief.

PAUL T. HORNAK

A. E. HOUSMAN: THE SCHOLAR-POET, *by Richard Perceval Graves (Scribner's, 304 pp., $15.95).* Is it important to know that Housman was a latent homosexual during his formative years and a practicing one during the decades of his retreat from poetry into classical scholarship? Had I been aware of it, and looking for it in every veiled line, chances are I would not have been turned on by *A Shropshire Lad* as I was during the puritan decade of my adolescence. Today, no doubt, the "sordid" facts give Housman's poems a special prestige. But surely it isn't important to know exactly what menu Housman was confronted with and which inferior vintage wines the gourmet rejected during interminable summer holidays of the Oxford don's retreat to France. All that matters is that he was escaping the moral constric-

*(Continues on page 1217)*


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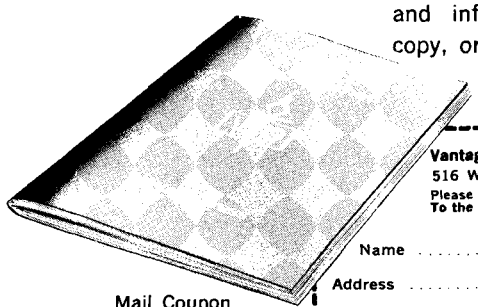

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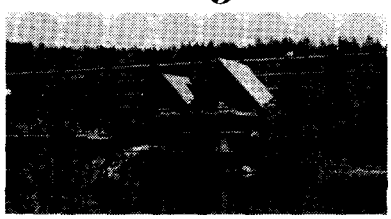

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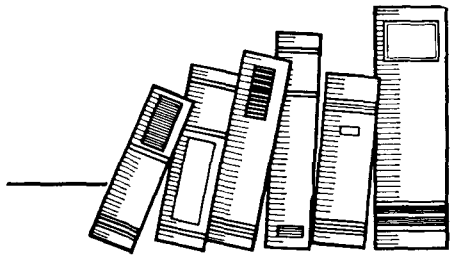

# Dark Horses

IN MOST discussions of the energy crisis, the OPEC cartel is depicted as the villain. In 1973, retaliating for our support of Israel, the evil Arabs cut off their exports to the West. Periodically since then they have jacked up the price, driving petroleum costs to unimagined levels. Our energy troubles thus proceed, supposedly, from uncontrollable outside forces.

But, as pointed out by H. A. Merklein and William P. Murchison Jr. in *Those Gasoline Lines and How They Got There* (Fisher Institute, 6350 LBJ Freeway, Dallas, Tex. 75240; $5.95), the crisis of 1973 was not the first time the Arabs had become angry with us over Israel. During the 1967 Arab-Israeli war, every Arab producer of petroleum except Algeria shut down its oil fields. The tactic was a total failure. In response to it, the United States, Venezuela, and Indonesia stepped up production. We made up the deficiency with our own production, and the embargo was a flop.

What happened between the two embargoes, of course, was the imposition of federal price controls on our own crude oil production. Beginning in 1971, as part of President Nixon's program of wage and price restraint, we began controlling the wellhead price of crude oil and the pump price of gasoline. In 1973, when controls were lifted on everything else, they were maintained on gas and oil. We thereby choked off our own supply, making ourselves dependent on the Arabs.

Merklein, dean of the Graduate School of Management at the University of Dallas, and Murchison, editorial writer and columnist for the *Dallas Morning News*, provide a wealth of data on this and other aspects of the energy crisis, demonstrating the folly of controls. Petroleum is one example, natural gas another. The authors draw a detailed contrast between the shortage of natural gas in national markets under federal price controls, and the abundant supplies available intrastate, where there were no controls. (The regulators responded to this contrast by extending controls to the intrastate market.)

Also examined, as promised in the title, are the gas lines that afflicted the nation in the spring and summer of 1979. This massive foul-up, the authors show, was caused by federal efforts to parcel out the federally created shortage through an arbitrary "allocations" system—in effect, a form of rationing. This attempt to substitute political judgment for the decisions of the market in apportioning scarce resources resulted, all too predictably, in gas assigned to one place while motorists fretted in another. Allocations sent the gasoline to the wrong places, and controls prevented the pricing mechanism from correcting the mistake.

'Twas ever thus with schemes of rationing, and ever will be. So argues Joe Cobb of the Council for a Competitive Economy in *The Gasoline Rationing Myth* (Green Hill Publishers, P.O. Box 735, Ottawa, Ill. 61350; 95¢). In this pamphlet, Cobb shows that a full-fledged rationing system, even one in which coupons can be bought and sold in a "white market," cannot correct the problem of the gas lines. It would instead create that problem on a grander scale, with entitlements to our diminished fuel resources being spread abroad with small connection to the distribution of supply.

THE BASIC difficulty with such an approach, Cobb points out, is the underlying system of controls and allocations, which alone make rationing (seem) necessary, and would not be altered by it. The controls prevent the pricing mechanism from bringing supply and demand into equilibrium, while allocations disburse supply according to historical usage patterns or political convenience. A separate mechanism of demand will not correct these difficulties. Until we abolish the controls and allocations and let the pricing mechanism do its proper work, the underlying troubles will remain.

—M. STANTON EVANS



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## BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1215)

tions of Victorian and Edwardian England, and later on avoiding the unsought celebrity that accompanied his popularity as a poet. That popularity was well deserved. Allowing for such meager "influences" as Ecclesiastes, the Border Ballads, Shakespeare's incidental lyrics, and Blake's *Songs of Innocence*, Housman was an original, the poet par excellence of youthful melancholy and world-weary pessimism:

*The toil of all that be*
*Helps not the primal fault;*
*It rains into the sea*
*And still the sea is salt.*

Mr. Graves's book is definitive and probably always will be. The life, as already noted, is overdocumented. Housman's fifty years' devotion to such a minuscule Roman talent as Manilius is sufficiently explained. And enough of the poems are quoted to send one back to their miraculous source. SELDEN RODMAN

## LABEDZ

(Continued from page 1202)

have?" Now that the Pope's portrait was put at the entrance to the Lenin shipyard during the strike in Gdansk, Brezhnev may well ask a similar question, but this time referring to trade unions. What is sure is that Brezhnev has no real trade unions in his empire and now the Pope has some.

But the Polish events have a long-term significance not only for the East European countries, but also for Western Europe. If Poland is allowed to provide a point for the creeping contagion of other Communist states, that would increase the chances of democratic freedoms surviving in Western Europe. If they are crushed by another Soviet military action, that would provide an object lesson, not just for East Europeans (who know it already) but also for West Europeans, who may then proceed with self-Finlandization in a situation where they would be even more fearful of Soviet might and even more skeptical about America's ability to stand up to it.

Despite the relevance of events in Poland to Western Europe, Western reactions were generally stand-offish. They ranged from the discreet formulations of the State Deartment, through the anxieties of Chancellor Schmidt about the fate of his *Ostpolitik*, to the ambiguities and equivocations of the British Trades Union Congress. There was, of course, a great deal of sympathy in the West for the strikers, but also of gratuitous admonitions in moderation, providing *Pravda* with an opportunity to quote them (with the usual distortions, as happened for instance with an editorial from the conservative *Daily Telegraph*). As one Polish dissident put it:

> If moderation is the name for apathy, if social tranquility is the name for the death of all forms of authentic public life, this is hardly political realism but a recipe for national suicide. One can hardly expect 35 million people to welcome this. If peace and moderation simply mean allowing the state with its all-pervading presence in every aspect of public and private life, it would be unreasonable to expect the nation to accept such a status quo and to cooperate eagerly in maintaining it.

A Polish satirist, S. J. Lec, once remarked: "You will always find some Eskimos ready to instruct the Congolese on how to cope with heat waves."

The question of the implementation of the historic Polish compromise, achieved with a great deal of self-restraint on the part of both the workers and the government, is now in balance. What are its chances for survival? These questions cannot be answered yet, but one thing is clear. Montesquieu once remarked that political authority in the state begins to be eroded from the moment its principles of legitimacy begin to be questioned. He had in mind the divine right of kings. What we are witnessing now is the process of erosion of the Communist principles of legitimacy. The clash between the workers and the alleged workers' state is a striking example of this. Striking in more ways than one. □


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# Reagan's Arcane Aphorisms

On The Right

*London*, Sept. 8—The headline in last Sunday's London *Observer* read, "Arcane Aphorisms of Candidate Reagan." It is difficult to know just when Mr. Reagan last gave birth to an arcane aphorism, so the editors help by supplying a subhead, which reads, "Anthony Holden reports from Washington on the amazing asides of the Republican candidate which are diverting Americans in their quest for a leader." There, now, that's more like it. The *Times* writes, "Mr. Carter finds attack is the best defense . . ." And, inevitably, we discover that the press in England fascinates itself by what it deems Mr. Reagan's voluptuarian attraction to "simplistic and empty formulations."

On television earlier this week, a well-known British anchorman asked a visiting American whether indeed that American backed Reagan, to which the answer was yes. Well, if you back Ronald Reagan, why didn't you back George Wallace? The American—an impatient-type—leaned back in his chair and said that it was a pity, really, how little many British knew about American politics. He reminisced that only a week earlier he had discovered that a British television commentator, whose fame is roughly the equal in his own country of Walter Cronkite's in ours, had wagered Alistair Cooke in 1952 that Adlai Stevenson would win the election. All right, anybody can be wrong about an election. But get this: he gave Cooke 5 to 1 odds! The gentleman in question had been victimized by his own propaganda.

The visitor replied, "To ask why someone who backs Reagan didn't back George Wallace betrays a knowledge of American politics of which the equivalent, turned around, would be a question put to a Britisher, 'How is it that, if you backed Harold Macmillan, you didn't back Oswald Mosley?'"

THE interviewer meditated the reply, and decided to take one step backward, so he said, "Aren't you aware that many Europeans believe that Ronald Reagan would lead us into World War III?" The American was, at this point, rather fired up, so his answer was less than absolutely diplomatic. He said that during this century European diplomacy had led the United States into two world wars, and that we had learned that those wars tended to arise when nations were weak rather than strong, and that Reagan was determined that the United States should be strong, otherwise we might yet again be dragged into a world war as a result of failed European diplomacy. The time was up.

But the time is never up in the newspaper world, and the derogations go on. In the *Observer*, Mr. Anthony Holden, reminiscing on recent enormities by Reagan, chuckled especially hard over the one brought out by Senator Kennedy "in his rousing speech to last month's Democratic Convention: '80 per cent of pollution is caused by plants and trees.'"

He put this before the British audience as an aberration so unreasonable that there is no need to pause to meditate it, much as one would treat the statement, "80 per cent of the world's gold reserves are owned by the Seychelles Islands." It is, really, a pity. This observer hasn't got to the bottom of the matter, but before leaving New York I spotted Reagan's reply to a questioner who put it to him on the matter of pollution. I cherish Reagan's answer, whatever the biological exactitude. Socrates could not have done better. His answer was, roughly transcribed, "Well, it seems to me I remember being taught in school that the overwhelming amount of nitrogen released into the air was from decaying vegetable matter. In fact—I think my memory is correct on this—that's why, in the eighteenth century, they gave the name to that great range of mountains in Appalachia, 'the Smokey Mountains.'" Just one such reply by Reagan—which after all was published in the *New York Times*—would have deflated the article by Mr. Holden on the arcane aphorisms of candidate Reagan.

But no: far better that he should appear the primitive. "Why?" asks the British correspondent, "for instance, did the Republican nominee choose publicly to 'doubt' Darwin's theory of evolution?

Well, in the first place, to doubt Darwin's theory of evolution is to put Reagan in the avant-garde of biological theorists (shh!—but it's true). In the second place, Darwin, in elaborating his theory of evolution, constructed a set of philosophical postulates which are at odds with the notion of the human being as viewed in the Declaration of Independence ("all men are created equal . . ."). And, finally, if one takes only the biological view of man, the reasons to guarantee him such amenities as sovereignty are substantially vitiated. Maybe candidate Reagan was uttering aphorisms. Certainly they strike some members of the British press as arcane. □

**LONDON NOTES** *London*, Sept. 6—The political pace here is as energetic as the pound (against the dollar) is high. The big news, of course, was the stunning indecision of the Trade Union Conference, meeting at Brighton when presented with a petition to align itself with the striking Polish workers. Years ago, back in the days of Aneurin Bevan, the motion would have gotten near-unanimous approval, a few Communist-led unions dissenting. This time, after much debate, under the guidance of Secretary Len Murray the TUC declined to declare its solidarity with the strikers, settling instead for a diffuse message carefully designed not to alienate the Communist government of Poland. By contrast, American unions were collecting money to send to the strikers, and the longshoremen were refusing to offload Polish ships.

So much for the solidarity of the working men. But having said this, it must be added that the people who run the trades unions of Great Britain are for the most part politician-bureaucrats. Membership in the Labor Party is down from the high of one million after the war to under 300,000; and it is widely supposed that a large minority voted Tory the last time around, for reasons as understandable as inflation, unemployment, labor union chaos, and international economic humiliation. In 1977 ten million worker-days were lost in Great Britain due to strikes (the socialists, remember, were in power). The figure contrasts with 2.5 million in France and 86,000 in Germany. Relative productivity reflects these figures. Starting with a base of 100 each in 1954, Britain in 1977 had risen to 168, France to 266, and Germany to two hundred and seventy-seven.

The government of Mrs. Thatcher, ably advised by Minister for Industry Sir Keith Joseph, is doing the right things, rather more slowly than some had hoped. But



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the speed at which reforms can be effected is an aspect of democratic rhythms. And Great Britain has developed its own gait, which is easygoing. The hope, in hopeful circles, is that the stamina will not give out. Fiscal and monetary restraint will work miracles, but only over a period of time that may or may not match the faith and patience of a people who are free to change the government and are constantly being urged to do so by those politicians who are hawking free lunches.

A leader of these is our old friend Tony Benn. Perhaps the most economical way to characterize him is to quote his recent statement that the (equally) dreadful alternatives for Great Britain and the world are Joseph Stalin and Milton Friedman. Tony Benn is the moving spirit behind the Manifesto of the National Executive Committee of the Labor Party, which will be proffered for adoption to the Labor Party Conference in October. This document has been characterized by *The Economist* as "basically a collation of [Labor] Conference resolutions passed over the years, reheated to give them a redder tinge." The Manifesto calls, as usual, for such cultural niceties as abolishing the House of Lords and fox hunting. But also it desires to nationalize banking and insurance, pharmaceuticals, microelectronics, construction companies, oil, power plants, commercial ports, and anything else I have forgotten to mention; and, of course, wage-and-price controls.

THE TREND, in the United Kingdom, is of course in the opposite direction, the Conservative Party having promised to denationalize a lot of companies now losing money and performing inefficiently. The Labor Manifesto introduces a resolution unprecedented in the history of democratic practice. It pledges not only to renationalize such industries as are set free, but to confiscate them from those British investors who bought equity in them in good faith. Such a resolution, proposed in the United States, would be unconstitutional: but such restraints don't bother Tony Benn, who has followers not only in England, but in the United States where, next week, he will receive an honorary doctorate from Williams College.

Sir Keith Joseph, a scholar of aristocratic mien and manner who profoundly believes that British socialism has primarily victimized the British worker, is almost plaintive when he reminds you that there is still in England some of the best of everything: workers, management, skills, integrity, industry. Add to these, good humor. What has happened to Great Britain in the past generation is particularly sad for just that reason: it couldn't have happened to a nicer country. □

## COME UNDRESSED

*New York*, Sept. 12—It is axiomatic that the village underworlder will seek the approval of the same community he systematically despoils by ostentatious public benefactions. Joe Bananas supporting the local church. Billy Sol Estes hosting a Boy Scout picnic. Louis B. Mayer contributing to an institute of higher learning. No one has practiced the art of civic diversion more prodigiously than Hugh Hefner, the founder of *Playboy* magazine and godfather of the sexual revolution. His formula was as straightforward as the advertisements in *Playboy* for sexually stimulating paraphernalia: make a lot of money by pandering to the sexual appetite, elevating it to primacy—then spend part of that money coseducing critics or potential critics.

It was years ago that Harvard theologian Harvey Cox wrote an essay on *Playboy* denominating it the single most brazen assault on the human female as a person in general circulation. What seemed like moments later, the same scholar found himself writing earnest essays for *Playboy*; and before long he forgot all about his mission to identify *Playboy* for what it essentially is: an organ that seeks to justify the superordination of sex over all other considerations—loyalty to family, any principle of self-discipline, any respect for privacy, or for chastity or modesty: sex *omnia vincit*, Hugh Hefner's magazine told us, issue after issue. But the genius of Hugh Hefner lay in the embellishments. Walking down his massage parlors, you find the hallways decorated with facsimiles of the Bill of Rights, illuminated scrolls from Milton's *Areopagitica*, earnest rebukes of any impositions on our privacy if committed by the Central Intelligence Agency. The passageway to the brothel takes you through the vaulted cathedrals of piety and self-mortification, sacrifice and social concern.

Really, I wonder if anyone in the future can ever again take seriously the Anti-Defamation League. Here is an organization "dedicated to the combating of prejudice and discrimination against Jews and other minorities, and to the protection and extension of our democratic system for the benefit of all Americans." "The League" the brochure continues, "works with the various institutions of our society, public and private, religious and secular, to achieve these ends." And it is celebrating later this month its First Amendment Freedoms Award by giving a dinner-dance in honor of—Hugh M. Hefner. About the honoree the ADL says, with an apparently straight face, that he "began with little more than a unique idea for a magazine" (nude women, jokes about copulation, and advice on how to seduce young girls) "and a philosophy of social change." (The "philosophy," quite simply, that the gratification of the male sexual impulse is to be achieved without any second thought to the possible effect on a) the girl, b) her family, c) your family, d) any code of self restraint.) "The empire he founded has had a far-reaching impact, not only on the publishing industry, but on the mores of American society as well." That is correct. Any serious disciple of Hugh Hefner would not hesitate to purr antisemitic lovelies into the ears of his bunny, if that was what was required to effect seduction.

THE Anti-Defamation League has, in the past, surrendered to temptations alien to its splendidly commendable purpose, namely to focus public attention on, and bring obloquy to, acts of racial discrimination. It meddled actively in the presidential campaign of 1964, endeavoring to scare its clientele into believing that Senator Goldwater was an ogre of sorts, backed by fanatics and atavists. Its current director, Mr. Nathan Perlmutter, is a man of high sensibility, gentle, firm, discriminating, a scholarly man long associated with Brandeis University. One notes that he is charging $250 a plate to guests who seek the privilege of joining with him to honor Hugh Hefner. The tawdriness of the symbolism is driven home. Even as Hugh Hefner sells pictures of parted pudenda in order to make the dollar, a nickel of which he donates to institutions devoted to the rights of Nazis to march in Skokie and of fellow pornographers to hawk their wares, the ADL raises money to combat discrimination by honoring the principal agent of the kind of selflessness that deprives racial toleration of the ultimate sanction. This sanction rests on a profound belief in the sanctity of the individual—yes, even that of the nubile girl.

Take away from the struggle for racial toleration the profound spiritual commitment to the idea of a higher law, and the code against antisemitism becomes a mere matter of social convenience, the kind of upward mobile patter one is taught in the pages of *Playboy* to imitate, on the order of wearing Dior handkerchiefs, or Gucci loafers. Racial toleration draws its principal strength from the proposition that we are all brothers, created equal by God. The *Playboy* philosophy measures human worth by bustline and genital energy. The affair will be celebrated, appropriately enough, in Hollywood, at the Century Plaza Hotel. The invitation specifies "black tie." Well, if the guests arrive wearing only a black tie, that will be more than some of the guests wear at Hef's other parties. □

**(Universal Press Syndicate)**



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# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

A. Left — 100 84 107 116 147 155 159 181

B. A method of travel — 70 136 26 73 182 180 78

C. Opinions — 103 1 193 31 39

D. A novel by Dostoyevsky (fol. The) — 108 152 8 118 3

E. Attenuates — 131 143 119 36 9 32 48

F. To govern — 139 50 112 82

G. An informal social gathering — 161 10 167 15 57 115 122 142 150 174 65

H. What it cost to mail a letter first-class when I was a lad — 164 45 68 29 34 85 95 168 176 22 186 141

I. What the Scots call a clergyman — 11 19 63 91 37 44 53

J. To expand or increase abnormally — 166 183 2 74 127 86 83

K. Surname of three Americans novelists, including two bros. and the wife of one bro. — 173 124 88 109 160 12

L. An island betw. Bombay and mainland India — 188 99 87 18 156 38 128 56 40

M. This can be a bird or reptile — 58 42 175 13 144 93

N. A working woman — 77 97 148 20 126 170 132 165 110

O. A princely family of Italy — 5 17 21 30

P. Father's attempt to make bakery items — 89 137 24 163 81 154

Q. An Indian tribe that lived near Lake Superior — 113 52 120 153 96 14

R. To deliberately and habitually avoid — 123 4 98 138

S. A couch grass — 129 158 172 76 184 101

T. Postage stamps with gummed backs — 179 111 162 25 43 177 135 104 49

U. An address for some bulk mail — 67 185 146 121 51 169 106

V. Ceases to play the organ — 149 55 75 187 61

W. A city and county (same name) in Wisc. — 157 62 6 192 133 102 28 79 145

X. A series of mountains — 33 72 191 117 105

Y. Five + a printer's measure + a long period of time + an element's abbr. = to regard with reverential respect — 27 151 7 140 35 178 189 46

Z. Makes certain — 94 114 47 134 90 190 92

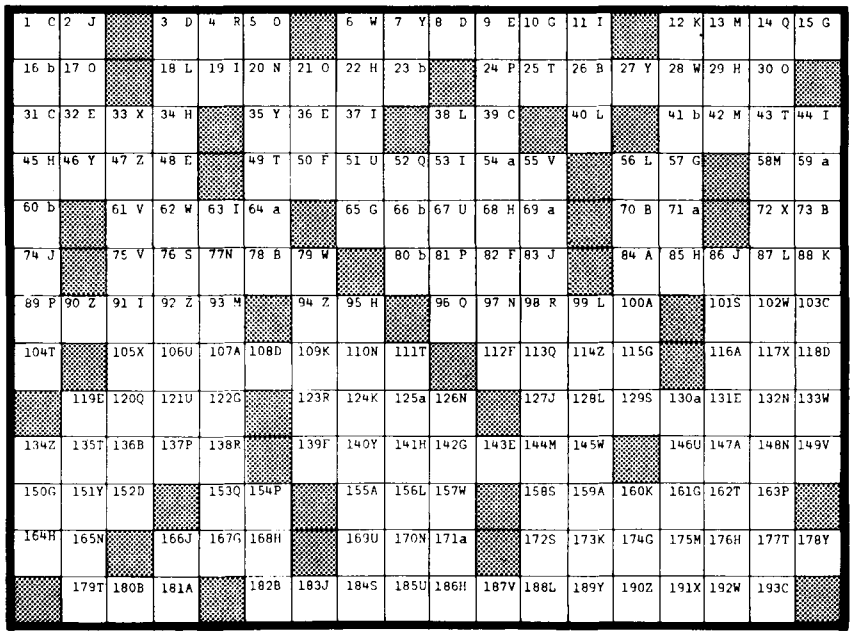
a. A male word that includes a couple of women; pieces for a game of skill — 54 59 64 69 71 125 130 171

b. A city in France, near Rouen — 16 23 41 60 66 80

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1218 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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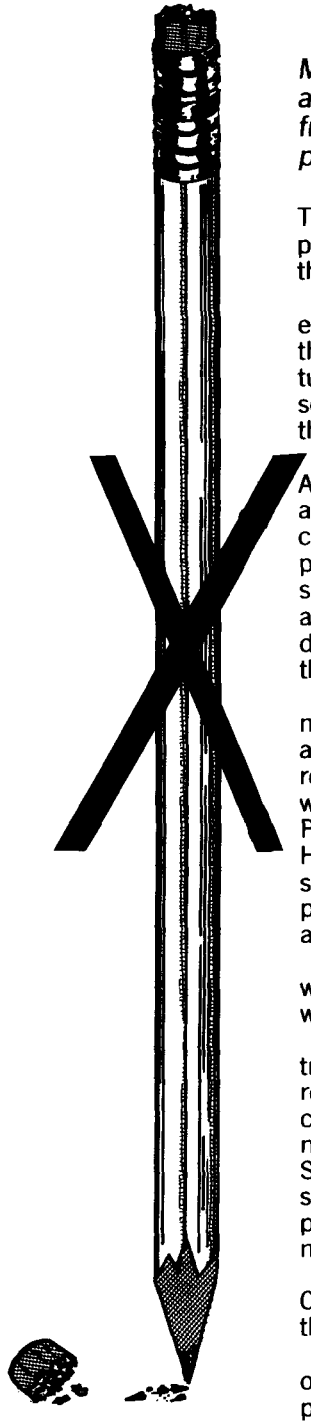
# The pencil problem—1990



*Monte Throdahl is senior vice president for Monsanto. He recently addressed a Washington, D.C., conference on toxics control. The following is extracted from his prepared text. He describes it himself as "an exaggeration to the point of outrage." That it may be. But it does make a point.*

This is the story of the U.S. pencil industry. Remember, we are looking back from our vantage point of 1990. It's strange to think that, back in 1979, just anyone could use a pencil any way they wanted to.

You see, it all started when the Occupational Safety & Health Act carcinogen policy went into effect. The graphite in the pencil leads always contained a residue of crystalline silica. And there was at least one animal test and an in-vitro test indicating that crystalline silica produced tumors, so the material became regulated as a carcinogen. There was no alternate for pencils, so exposure had to come down almost to zero. Workers were put into protective clothing, and that solved the problem initially.

But then the Environmental Protection Agency, acting under the Clean Air and Clean Water Acts, which soon had their own carcinogen policies, required drastic reductions in emissions and effluents. The control technology was quite expensive, and only the largest manufacturers could afford it. This caused a flurry of antitrust suits in the early '80s when there were only three pencil makers left in the country. One of the three was split into smaller companies, but they soon went out of business since they were unable to afford increasingly stringent workplace and pollution control requirements. Then foreign pencil manufacturers began to threaten to dominate the pencil market, and our government, in an abrupt about-face, allowed a merger of the two remaining companies to meet overseas competition.

The Consumer Product Safety Commission then became concerned with what the newspaper headlines were calling the "pencil problem." Rubber erasers could be chewed off and choke small children. The sharp points of pencils could also be dangerous. There were residual solvents in the paint used on pencils, and pencil-chewing seemed to be a more widespread habit than anyone had realized. Printing a legend on each pencil that said: "This Pencil Could Be Hazardous To Your Health," did not seem to affect consumer pencil habits, a Harvard study indicated. In fact, the study found additional potentially harmful uses, such as stirring coffee. This led FDA to declare that harmful substances could be dissolved out of the pencil into the coffee, and thus pencils violated food additive laws, including the Delaney amendment.

Trying to salvage its business, the pencil company began making pencils without paint, without erasers, and with only soft leads so they would not hold a sharp point. But consumers were outraged, and sales declined.

Then someone invented a machine that could measure crystalline silica below the part-per-trillion level, and workplace, air emission, water effluent, and waste disposal regulations required that the best practicable technology be used to reach this low level. The pencil company was threatened with financial ruin because of the large sums needed to purchase new control equipment. There were those that wanted to ban pencils entirely under the Toxic Substances Control Act, but the government decided that pencils were necessary, particularly since they were used to write new regulations. Besides, the Senators from the state where the pencil company was located declared that pencils were as American as baseball, and should not be replaced with ball-point pens.

So the government bailed out the pencil company with a large, guaranteed loan—called a Chrysler loan in those days. But, of course, that was only a temporary measure, and to protect the pencil business, the government eventually nationalized it.

It is comforting to know, after all, that society is being protected against a danger that was so obvious we didn't even notice it for many, many years. There are still those who complain about paying $17 for a pencil, but you really can't put a price tag on health or safety.

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